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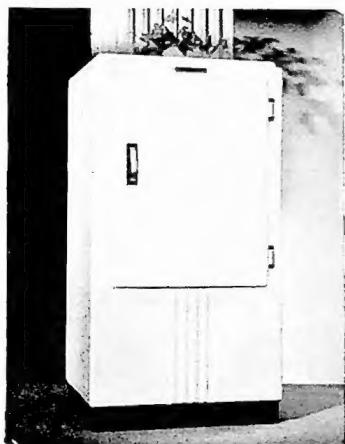


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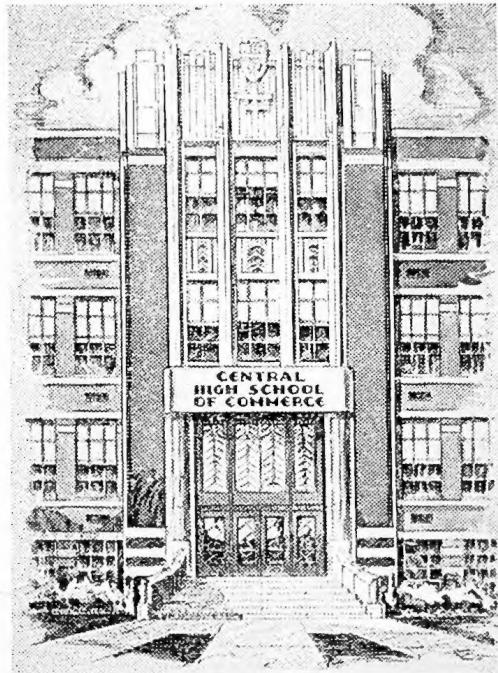
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THE ARGOSY



HAMILTON, CANADA

**Volume
Four
1936**





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The King Is Dead

OVER Canadian stations there was a stifled silence—Then came the throbbing notes of Handel's "Largo" and a voice heavy with grief saying, "It is with deep sorrow that —" it was enough—all Canada knew and mourned. So, the news of the passing of "George the Beloved" was brought to Canadian ears. Then, in his death we realized his greatness, more clearly, than we had stopped to think of it in his life, and we are mutely grateful for his quiet strength—strength that stayed the stability and honour of Britains crown while thrones and dynasties crashed all about it, after the war, the most tragic in history,—strength that guided his people through the bitterest of depressions, and kept the flame from the powder magazines of Europe—strength that knew no waning until a Stronger Hand stilled its source, and left it to his bereaved people and to the years yet to come to measure the full stature of England's late Gentleman King.



Courtesy of Hamilton Spectator

Long Live The King

HIS SIRE passed away — In an hour he was winging through the night, a King in the air—a King whose blood is as old as England, whose spirit is as modern as the movies, the radio, the plane.

Weighted as it is with problems of peace and politics, the mantle of kingship falls heavily on the new King's shoulders — But no shoulders are more fit to carry it; no head is higher, prouder, clearer to wear the crown; no hand steadier to grip the royal sceptre. No man knows the world as he does; none has a wider conception of the times, the conditions, the people of the present, and no heart is stancher or more kindly to guide the destinies of a nation emerging from a wearying depression. So to Edward VIII, Bachelor King of our hour we confidently pay homage. May his reign be as successful as his youth, may he be honoured in life and in death as is his late gracious sire.

—M. MATTICE.

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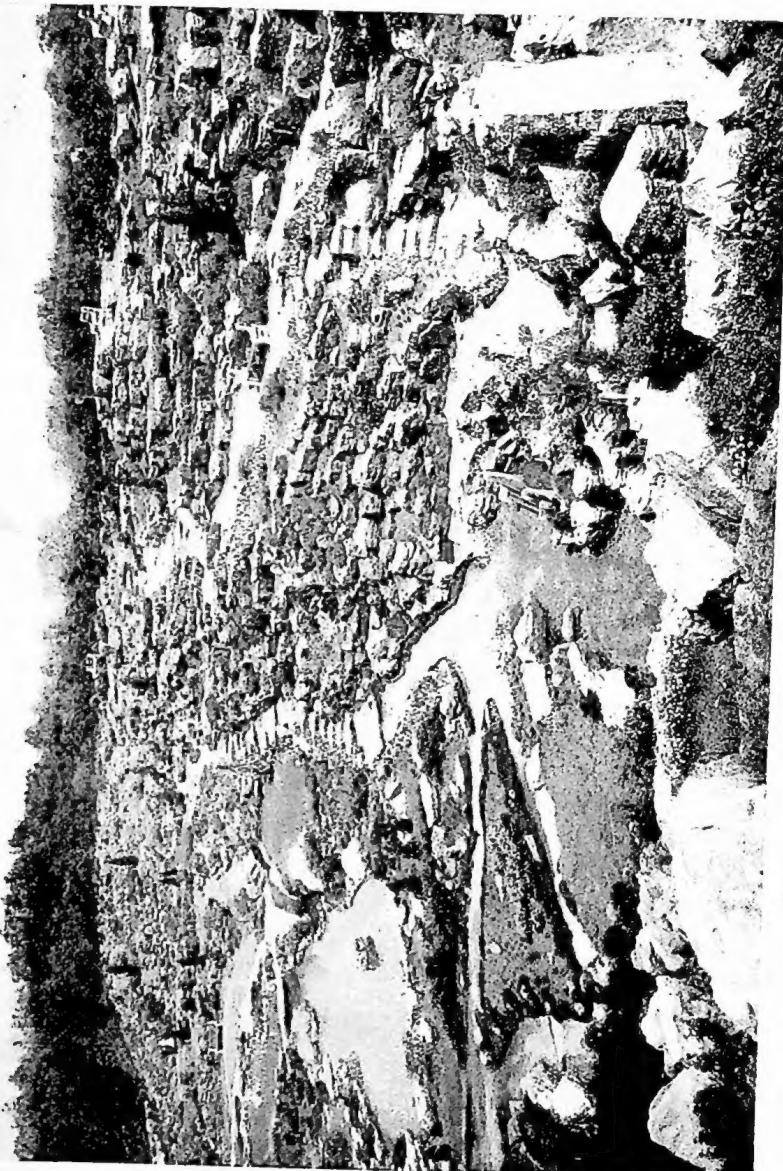
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THE ARGOSY STAFF



HAMILTON'S ROCK GARDENS, WESTERN ENTRANCE

FOREWORD

"The years go fast in Oxford
The golden years and gay."

THESE lines, written of a great English school are true of all schools, where boys and girls, young men and women, in all the joys and expectation of youth make preparation for the future, but without serious thought of the morrow. True, too, of our school where I see you day after day, at play and work, full of the joyous wine of youth that makes even the dullest days bright and the greatest tasks possible.

So it seems scarcely possible that another Argosy is about to set its sails and cast off to carry our greetings and best wishes to our friends. The past year has been kind to our school — not only in the success at work or play — but in what I feel more important still, in the growth of good school spirit, which is exemplified in Courtesy, Cheerfulness, Enthusiasm, and Good Sportsmanship.

Your Cheerfulness seems never failing and you carry it with you everywhere — your Courtesy and Good Sportsmanship are growing and making our school a happier place. Your Enthusiasm is shown in your work and play, and with Kipling may I say:

" If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds worth of distance run
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it."

I am indeed grateful for what you have done, and although I realize there is still much to be accomplished, I am confident of the future. What that future holds, happily, we cannot foresee — but we can be certain that if we do our part and do it well, we need have no fear. To guide you for it, may I pass on to you a torch from Sir Henry Newbolt. Read it, study it well, and make it yours.

" To set the cause above renown,
To love the game beyond the prize,
To honour, while you strike him down,
The foe who comes with fearless eyes;
To count the life of battle good,
And dear the land that gave you birth,
And dearer yet the brotherhood
That binds the brave of all the earth,
My son, the oath is yours; the end
Is His, who built the world of strife,
Who gave His children Pain for friend,
And Death for surest hope of life.
To-day and here the fight's begun,
Of the great fellowship you're free;
Hence the School and you are one,
And what you are, the race will be."

THE PRINCIPAL.

Staff Changes

IT MAY be of interest to our ex-students to know that some changes have taken place in the personnel of the staff during the present school year. We welcome Miss Hodgson from Hess Street School who succeeded the former Miss Fitzsimmons, now Mrs. H. C. McCul-

loch, also Mr. Greenwood and Mr. Dilworth from O. C. E. and Mr. Donaldson from Rainy River High School. Mr. Lishman has left us to join the staff of the Central Collegiate and Mr. Hudson is now at Vaughan Road School, York Township.

THE HIGHEST EDUCATION

By JOAN BEATT

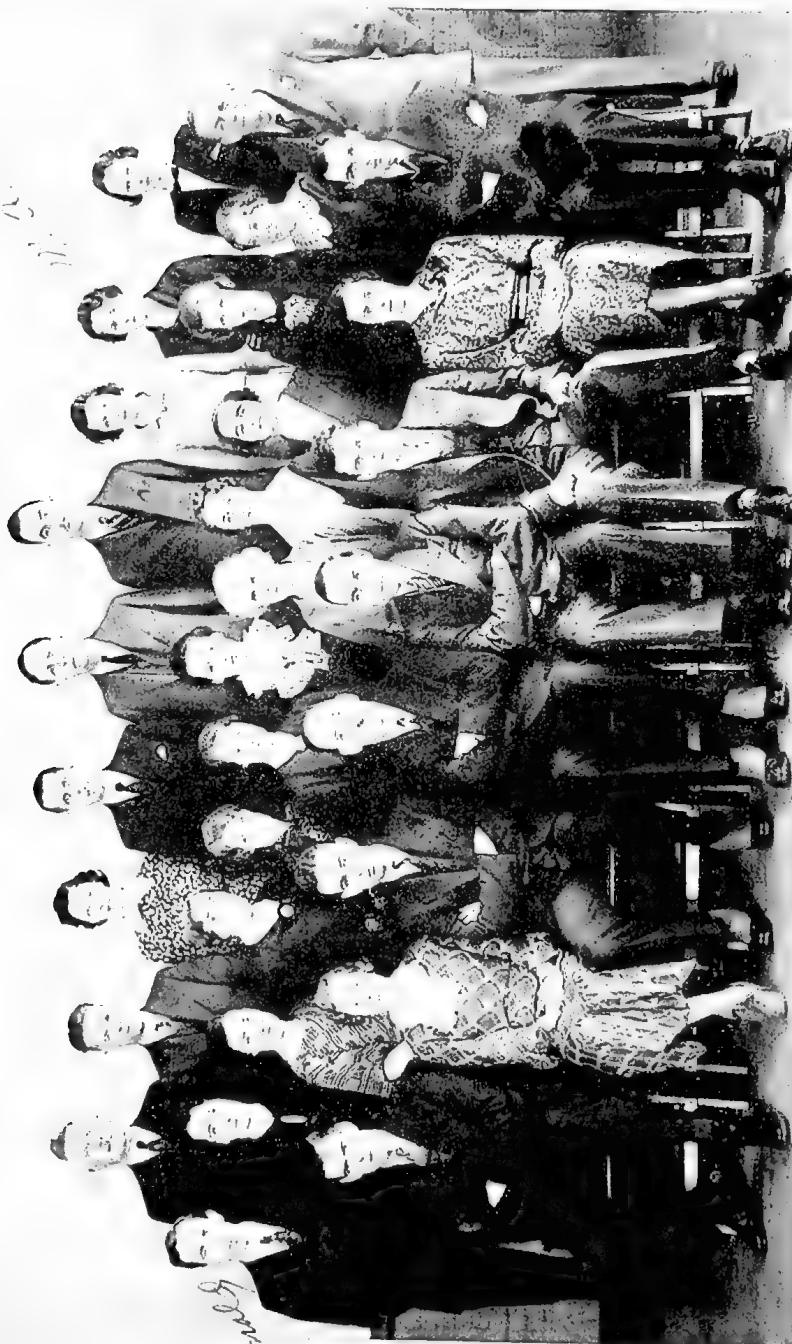
MUCH has been said about mastering the three R's: reading, writing, and arithmetic. Years ago, the whole scheme of schooling seemed to be set up to that end. Some of our fathers and mothers will never forget the fifth reader which they learned from cover to cover. Becoming proficient in the three R's used to be the aim of education; everything else was a waste of time. Let us look at this question for a little while. Probably the three R's did seem sufficient for the more restricted type of life of our forefathers. Now, however, the state requires a very comprehensive education for all under sixteen. Why must young people under sixteen go to school? Primarily, because the world in which we live has become so big and so involved that a broader and more extensive education is absolutely necessary. Reading, writing and arithmetic are still essential, but are not enough. The high school of to-day is far ahead of the college of old. The equipment is finer, the courses more effective and practical, and the faculty better qualified to teach.

On top of all this natural growth has come a greatly enlarged idea of what education really is. It is a long jump from being satisfied in the mastering of the three R's to learning effectively how to use all of one's self. Knowing how to use all of one's self mentally, physically, socially, emotionally, spiritually and politically is a huge task. Proficiency in the three R's is no longer adequate. To-day educational demands have now changed to the three C's — character, culture and citizenship. The aim of good public education is to bring to all effective training in character, honesty, reliability, resourcefulness and creativeness. The subject in itself is secondary. It is used as a means of unfolding and enlarging a personality and developing a character. Self-government has come widely into use, bringing with it responsibility and the chance to do things as well as know things; a fine service of honour is not only expected but achieved by a vast majority. Toleration for and understanding of other people came as a by-product. Because of our modern scheme of education, most young people are good and good for something too.

Next comes culture: a real appreciation of all that surrounds us in what we read, see, hear and think. We must learn that law is harmony; that truth is beauty; and that squalor of whatever variety produces crime and ugliness. To-day we can see vast armies of people marching on toward a better, finer culture and all that it means. Our standards of living are being lifted ever higher. We are eager for comfortable homes, lovely gardens and parks, beautiful art galleries, museums and libraries. We are hungry for culture, and thousands of young people are pursuing it on to a thousand colleges and universities. Good taste in speech and conduct are looked for to-day because we are learning our C's in education as well as our R's.

Finally, we come to citizenship. In the schools of to-day we have effective training for discipline, order, respect for property, respect for authority, respect for others, because one of the main objectives of all good education is citizenship, and as a great nation of great people we must always strive for better things. We must strive to develop the three C's to the highest degree, and so create a sounder character, a finer appreciation in the beauty of our surroundings; more harmony in the everyday relationship of life, and a finer citizenship by doing together the things which need to be done.

Most of us invest at least twelve years of our youth, the very heart of life, in so-called education. The challenge thrown to us to-day seems to be — Are we merely preparing to make a living, or are we educating ourselves to make a life? If half the leisure time that is being prophesied comes to us in the years just ahead, then a goodly portion of it should be devoted to learning how to use the whole of ourselves — to achieving the highest in the three C's in our education, making the most of our lives.



TEACHING STAFF
FRONT ROW:—Mr. Dilworth, Miss Maycock, Mr. Montgomery, Mr. Oates, Mr. Holmes, Mr. Donaldson, Miss Henderson, Mr. Greenwood, Miss MacDonald, Miss Loraway, Miss Wilson, Miss Ferguson, Mrs. Pothier, Miss Hartley, Miss Duffy, Miss Wood, Miss Dodd,
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Miss Dore, Miss Fisher, Mr. Fowat.
BACK ROW:—Mr. Pugh, Mr. Stewart, Miss Hall, Mr. Lanzford, Mr. Elliott, Dr. Wingfield, Miss McBeth, Miss French, Miss Ramsay.

S. A. Hodson

Argosy
1936

m. ss. Harry

ON READING IN BED

By MARGARET MATTICE

IN the days of my extreme youth, when parental wisdom deemed it unnecessary to finish "just this one chapter" and forced me to trot off to bed with a suspicious-looking bundle stuffed in the front of my sweater, I laid the foundations of a habit which was to endure with the years — the habit of reading in bed. How I ever got through the firing line of perfunctory good-night kisses without my protruding tummy arousing comment often amazed me. Perhaps if they did look over their papers long enough to notice me, they attributed the enlargement to my capacity for consuming milk and crackers before retiring. At any rate I can recall finishing "just that chapter" and the next one or two or three by the light of my flash, curled up in a heap under the blankets.

Ah! those were the days when the fire of my enthusiasm and the force of my imagination placed all the discomforts of aching neck and weary elbows and smarting eyes and even frozen toes, if the book were exciting enough, far beyond the realm of my consciousness. I know I have lain for hours in one position, enthralled by some story of adventure (I trust it was a juvenile classic, and have never known till morning who took the book away and straightened out the rumpled covers.

But the older I grow, the greater the exigencies become that are connected with the habit. I am forever hazarded by the consequences that accompany it — shall I lie on my left side and freeze my left shoulder or shall I lie on my right side and dislocate it instead? Or shall I lie flat and see how long my arms can endure as a perpendicular prop? Or shall I lie on my stomach, raise callouses on my elbows and run the risk of my feet getting beyond control and pulling the covers out at the bottom? Or would it be better not to read at all and so avoid falling asleep in lectures tomorrow? My undying gratitude is in

store for the person whose ingenuity will devise a gadget that will hold up the book and let me cover up to the chin, that will turn over the pages, yes, and even turn out the light and let me snooze off in the ether of the story.

It is not only over the position I take while reading in bed that I dissipate my energies. The nature of the literature and its printed form require considerable concentrated thought. I never can decide whether to be reckless and read fiction without dividends, or be wise and read shorthand, or be sensible and read that prose which has to be done sooner or later. I ought to confess here that reflection on this problem is brief, almost invariably concluding in favour of fiction. But will the fiction be in the form of a book, a magazine, or a newspaper? Experience has taught me of late to confine myself to small hard-covered books. Magazines are awkward. They need both hands to support their limpness and so often I have been exasperated to find I have been reading a continued story — continued in the copy lying on the desk over there in the corner, with three yards of cold floor and an open window between me and the completion of the story. Newspapers are impossible. One needs to be a veritable gymnast to even conquer the sheets into any readable form. In my flounderings I usually disturb my bed fellow who subconsciously demonstrates her protests by sighing heavily and flinging out her arm. It lands in the middle of the paper and the paper sends out a volley of crackles that seem to shriek through the still house and re-echo until I fear it will waken Morpheus himself.

You may think that the habit should be abandoned lest the weight of thought it involves should bring on a fit of mental paralysis. But let me assure you that these thoughts come, as dreams do, in the flash of a moment and I find myself in bed reading the nearest thing at hand — lying in a hundred positions, and enduring a hundred aches. Nevertheless I am convinced that the greatest joys of reading in bed are allotted to my youth — when my brain, oblivious to consequences and untrained by time and experience was consumed by the one thought — finishing the story without being caught.



THE STUDENTS' COUNCIL

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BACK ROW:—L. Fletcher, M. Lawrence, Miss Dore, Miss Duffy, T. Brown, N. Rowan.

¶SOLITUDE¶

By FRANCES L. WORRALL

WHAT is it? To some, it is just loneliness; to others, a boring interval; and to still another class, a waste of valuable time.

To understand the word by a definition other than that given by the dictionary it is merely necessary to look at nature itself. Open the curtains in a dimly-lit drawing room and peer with serious intent upon the grey sky and the falling snow. It is restful, beautiful and better still, peaceful. There is no clashing, no friction among the flakes, everything is in true harmony and agreeably unobtrusive.

It is perhaps better described as a medicine, a remedy for mental and physical weariness. True it sometimes takes years to grasp the fact, years wherein the afflicted dash hither and yon, seeking solace and pacification in cities, institutions or among friends, and finally end up by finding the desired conciliation in some deserted cloister or sleepy village. In places such as these, which unfortunately are often discovered when it is almost too late, Solitude alone plays the part of host, and the heavy Cloak of Trouble is removed and carried away by his worthy servant Awe to the iron-bound room of the Past. Solitude himself leads the way to the Hall of Gentle Reminiscence, the atmosphere of which unconsciously strengthens the shoulders of the guest, making the cloak the lighter when it is again donned by its owner.

Solitude could perhaps be termed "God's greatest gift of rest to the soul."

The soul has the unquestioned right to be called a part of the body, and it, too, can become very ill. Souls are beautiful things, intangible spirits which do much in developing the character in

us. Some listen to the sweet voice of the soul, others turn a deaf ear to its pleading. The latter become interested in only the mental and physical part of the body which calls for action, adventure. They become as sheep, and follow one another blindly the glitter of brass and not the true glow of gold catches the eye and leads them onward to inevitable disaster.

It is tragic to forget the finer qualities in us, to leave undeveloped the virtues that every one of us possesses, having been endowed with a gift different to our brothers, to be afraid of becoming left out by the "crowd", to be laughed at.

Sometimes we do forget them, and then the soul becomes ill.

We may still be successful but when the soul is troubled and the beautiful thing in our life has withered, we become blind to true loveliness, we become cynical, we become sarcastic, we become disliked, and in the end we become physically ill, and start the mad tour of specialists and physicians all over the world.

Perhaps in the end we are fortunate. We find "Solitude", and he helps us to forget the present and go far away, back to the years of youth and childhood. The years of fairies and dreams, of faith and hope and charity, when the soul was healthy, rejoicing secretly in the body and mind, and we were happy in the simplicity of childhood.

Why do we not strive to keep the childlike heart, instead of hastening to lose it? Why do we not take the time to knock upon the door of that genial host, and keep the mind refreshed and the soul young and healthy, before it becomes a difficult task to seek him out, because by now we have forgotten his address?

"GENIUS REWARDED"

By GLADYS DIBBEN

AN old man wended his way carefully along the icy streets of London slums. He was shabbily dressed and often pulled his thin coat more tightly about him in an effort to keep out the severe cold. At intervals he would stop while a racking cough shook his small, thin frame harshly. It was evident to a casual observer that he was in great need of medical attention but apparently could not afford even the necessary daily bread.

There was nothing about this man that demanded attention or commanded respect, yet he was destined to be a great poet — his one great poem would sweep the world and be passed from tongue to tongue.

Stumbling up the steps of a dilapidated old house, his eye caught sight of a recent newspaper and the headlines blazing forth pierced his numbed brain, "King George V is Dead."

"Beloved Monarch Passes On."

Feverishly he grabbed the newspaper for he saw his one big chance. What a marvellous theme for a poem! If he only could! His other poems had come to him easily enough, but alas! They had always been returned — never published.

It was his last chance. Something had to be done, for food had not passed his lips for four days. A smile played upon his lips and his kind blue eyes danced — he already saw the silver lining to a black, black cloud.

At last he reached the stair landing, and entered a dimly-lit attic where mice were running around freely, eating anything they could find — for they, too, were starved. He plodded across the room to a small chair, fumbled around for paper and pencil — and there — in that small attic — a great poem was composed.

His breath was labouring heavily now and that confounded cough — couldn't it stop until he was finished. But the

poem was finished and ready for the post. He would go to bed now and mail it to "The Page Boy Magazine" in the morning.

The cough again — but instinct told him that he had succeeded as a poet. No one would say again that Grandpa Martini could not write. "The path of glory leads but to the grave," but he was content now to go before his Maker for he had fought and won.

Grandpa Martini then flung his frail body upon a bag of rags in the corner of the attic and slept — a sleep from which he never awakened.

* * * *

A bell from the inner office rang and a smart, efficient-looking secretary hurried to answer it.

"You rang, Mr. William?"

"Yes, Miss Holway. Send Mr. Charles and Mr. Oakley to me at once."

"Immediately, Mr. Williams."

Five minutes elapsed, then two men entered the inner office. Bill Charles, the taller, had deep set blue eyes, red hair, and an impish grin which was never far from his cheerful countenance. Jim Oakley, his companion, was just the opposite — rather short, dark and inclined to take life too seriously. Both men, however, were well liked among their friends and at work.

"You sent for us, sir?" Bill asked.

"Yes, boys. You are assigned to inspect the slums from Fortesque Street to the waterfront."

"And when do we start, sir?"

"Immediately."

Thus ended the interview between Health Inspector H. M. Williams and two lesser officials.

* * * *

"Only three more of these barns to inspect, Jim. We'll be finished before nightfall. Now take this old ruin for instance, why it should have been torn down long ago. Well, let's get it over with."

(Continued on page 64)

SUPERSTITIONS

By JEAN HARRINGTON

OF course you are not superstitious! You just groan a little when you discover that Friday the thirteenth is the day set for the next examination.

Superstition is one of the most peculiar things that we come across in our everyday life. It is so decidedly abstract, and yet it surrounds us constantly, consisting of raps on wood, disfigured coins, black cats and ladders.

Through many centuries these little acts and superstitions have been carried by a people rapidly becoming more educated, yet they still perform these harmless rituals. No one ever knows just why he knocks on wood, for example. If you insist upon pressing the point, he will say that it does not matter, but the fact remains that he will knock wood the next minute, after saying something he fears may not happen because of his too-sure statement.

Superstition is a direct throwback to ignorance. In the Middle Ages and the days of witches, people gave firm credulity to the fact that these hags went about in the disguise of black cats. To have a black cat cross your path meant a witch in your vicinity. To-day there are no witches, (or are there?) but many of us still remark about the bad luck that comes to us through this same occurrence.

Superstition is harboured by old and young, great and insignificant alike. It is a little known fact that any member of the family who should spill salt at the table of the late Queen Victoria, was instantly banished to eat in other parts until such a time as they were quite sure they would never do it again.

Not all superstition is an omen of evil, or bad luck. There is much we do in order to entice fair fortune to come our way. If you have put your petticoat on wrong-side-out, you refrain from changing it, since it portends success in the day's undertakings: if you send flowers to another when you are unhappy, Lady Luck will beam benignly upon you. And the rabbit's foot in your pocket was not

an idea to help do away with the rapidly increasing bunnies.

Most people in the public eye have their particular whimsies some of which are well known, others not so well. Adolf Hitler, that small but smashing fist of Europe, always carries a small square of brown cloth, from his first official brown shirt. King Edward, erstwhile Prince of Wales, decidedly disliked lighting his cigarette as one of three, from the same match.

Perhaps the most superstitious of all people in the public eye are members of the acting profession. Jack Oakie insists upon wearing a very battered bonnet at least once in each picture; Ethel Barrymore uses the same make-up box she used in her first starring production.

Decidedly oriental in its origin, is this thing we call superstition, for it has come from the east to us and, due to the difference in our occidental life, has changed a great deal. To-day India is a throbbing throng of superstitious folk and the British are trying to deal with such a situation. Because there is no intelligent reasoning connected with it it is like batting their head against a brick wall. Our superstitions, on the other hand, can do no more harm than annoy us when our friends insist that we walk this way around poles, and that way around ladders.

The populace supports superstition to the tune of twenty-five million dollars in the United States alone, having their cups and palms read, gazing goofily into crystals, and trying to see into the future. No one knows why, for usually they do not like what they see, unless it is a "tall dark man", or a "small, smart blonde girl". But that is supposedly super-superstition.

Life might become quite cluttered with these quirks if we allowed it but the custom is for each to have his own pet peculiarity and let it go at that. This writer has an aversion to spilt salt, just as had Queen Victoria. (We derive no little comfort from this thought.) What is your idiosyncrasy?

AMATEUR NIGHT

By MAE WEIR

THE bill outside the Sudan theatre read, "Amateurs To-night! 7.30 to 8.00. Don't miss them!"

Amateur shows certainly were popular. Each Wednesday night found the Sudan filled to capacity. No wonder that backstage the winners of the afternoon audition were trying to keep cool and collected.

Bernice Andrews patted her hair into place for the last time. "What would it be like out there before the crowd?" was the thought that passed through her mind. There were five besides herself trying for the cash prize to-night, but somehow she felt confident of success, except perhaps for the girl over there in the shabby blue dress. Anne Bentley she called herself. She had a sweet voice, but it was not one that was likely to carry her to fame and fortune.

"She looks as if she needs the money," Bernice reflected, "But then, so do I. If I can win that prize, it will pay my fare to the job Mr. Emery can offer me at Winnipeg. I know I'll get it all right."

A harsh voice broke in upon her thoughts.

"Come along, every one, out front!" barked a small dapper man of about forty-five. Mr. Harper had conducted the audition that afternoon, and Bernice, knowing him to be irritable, hurried away with the others.

Her place was beside Anne Bentley. As Bernice sat down, the girl looked up and smiled shakily.

"Don't be frightened," Bernice said aloud. "The crowd is friendly."

Mr. Harper shot her a warning glance. Then the orchestra blared forth its challenge as the curtain went up. As Harper stepped forward, he was greeted by the audience with hearty applause.

The next fifteen minutes passed swiftly for Bernice. The blues singer, and the imitator, and finally the violinist had finished their numbers. Now, Miss Bentley's name was being called. Bernice pressed her hand reassuringly as the girl got to her feet.

"Well, Miss Bentley, and how old are you?" asked the mousy Mr. Harper.

"I'm twenty," came the reply.

"And are you working?"

"No, I—I'm out of work just now."

"Long?"

"Well,—yes, for some time now," came the answer to his inquiry.

Bernice smiled sympathetically. She understood what it was like to be out of work. She thought of six months' idleness with no home or friends to turn to that had made her appreciate any job that came her way. Perhaps the girl was in the same circumstances.

Mr. Harper had finished his introduction, and Anne was singing her song, a light classic. She sang it well and the audience accepted it enthusiastically. Bernice clapped just as long as any. Then, it was her turn.

She felt queer at the pit of her stomach. Her knees were shaky. She got up, walked to Mr. Harper, and waited for the usual questions.

"Yes, she was single — had a job, too."

The pianist was playing the introduction. The music was like an encouraging friend. As soon as she started, she felt better. Sing! Sing to the audience! Sing till it hurt! She was aware of the eyes upon her. Mr. Harper was watching her intently.

She thought, "This is the crisis. If I fail here, it's no use."

Her eyes met Miss Bentley's. "It must be hard on her. That dress, those worn shoes."

("I must keep my mind on the music.")

"She hasn't a job, probably doesn't know where her next meal's coming from. It's raining out, too. I'm really the only one who stands in her way."

This was the height of the song. Anne Bentley was leaning slightly forward in her chair. Bernice seemed to feel her anxiety. Suppose she didn't — she couldn't do it. Her voice quavered. It

(Continued on page 18)

AMATEUR NIGHT—Continued
broke the tiniest bit. She clutched at the note — and lost it!

Ah! she had a job. There was bound to be other chances later for a better one, and Anne Bentley looked like she could use that prize money.

So Bernice let her chance slip by.

Outside the theatre at last, she drew a deep breath. The rain had cleared the air. The breeze was cool on her forehead. The job in Winnipeg—

"Oh, snap out of it." Her chin went up. "You have your job here. Anne Bentley needed that money—but, still—

A crowd of laughing young men and girls in evening dress brushed past her, bound for the stage door. She stopped and looked at the shop window on the corner. Perhaps she'd be able to afford things like that some day.

Voices floated out to her from the

theatre. From the side street came the group of young people again.

"Honestly, I didn't think you could do it myself," a laughing voice cried.

"It must have taken courage just the same," said another. "But when Anne Barrows is dared she carries it through to a grand finish. What are you going to do with the prize?"

The prize! A dare!

The group, still laughing and chatting merrily made for several shining cars standing at the curb.

"Come on, Anne, the winner rides with me."

And as the group parted, Bernice caught sight of Anne Bentley stepping into the car.

Bernice laughed bitterly. A face flashed across her mind. Anne Barrows, heiress to a fortune! Out for a change of atmosphere!

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BUILDING A HOBBY

By JOAN BEATT

STONE to stone, brick to brick, higher and higher, it rises, till it stands a building complete in all details.

Laying down his tools, the carpenter surveys his work with satisfaction. His building is finished. From the first blow of the hammer that laid the first foundation-board, till the last bright shingle had been given its proper place on the roof, it had been his task, his building. His pride is justified.

Hobby-building is much like house building.

First, the foundation. In this case a thought or a plan becomes the foundation for this hobby. You think of some occupation for your spare moments, hobbies varying from studying science and astronomy to learning the latest stitch in knitting.

The foundation is of essential importance. Careful preparation and study is necessary. You need a proper starting-point to work from: you must lay your foundation with care and toil.

Having obtained a working knowledge of your hobby you are now capable of advancing this art of hobby-building. Inch by inch it grows, as you advance in experience and understanding. Your spare moments speed away on noiseless wings, leaving you with pleasant memories, cherished treasures. And so your hobby house is continued. The roof only is lacking now.

This, too, is built. Gay shingles overlap one on the other, row by row, till the hobby is completely housed.

It stands finished: a shelter to its owner, a rest from the toils of life, a haven of peace and understanding to the one who so lovingly erected it, a place where the dweller can go and, putting aside all that is sham and superficial, allow his real self and hidden hopes free dominion.

And so a hobby is built. Not in a day, nor week, but, in many cases, over a period of years, you are gathering new materials, trying new experiments, learning new methods. All the time storing up, in that house of hobbies, a collection of information beyond values,

a treasure of memories that cannot be bought with price.

But hobbies do not always stop there. The house of hobbies built, must and does, give freely of itself to the public.

Many of the great achievements of the world are the result of hobby-building.

Thomas A. Edison, world-famous inventor, started his experiments as a hobby. One knows how much that hobby has added to the scientific advancement of the world!

Tony Wons, humanitarian of the radio world, once, because of limited opportunities, a man of no particular abilities, lay in a hospital cot somewhere in France. As he lay there, he resolved to satisfy his craving for reading, which heretofore, his hard young life had denied him. He read everything he could find, and as he read, he clipped and pasted: bits of poetry, philosophy, views on religion, and jokes. This was not a waste of time, but a hobby. A hobby-house erected by loving hands filled with a deep appreciation of their task. Built under great difficulties and in the face of overwhelming disappointments, but nevertheless, built steadily and surely. Now, you can tune in your radio and listen, as Tony Wons cheerily gives you his philosophy, poetry, and views on life, reading from his big Radio Scrapbook. Tony still clips and pastes. This, the result of a hobby.

We are not all famous people. We cannot expect our hobby-house to develop into flaming discoveries, or even gain place before the radio microphone. But in these days of depression many cases can be cited where a hobby has been the means of supporting many unemployed citizens enabling them to maintain their self-respect and independence.

So, continue building your house of hobbies. Dream for it, work for it and strive for its perfection. It will bring you untold happiness, brighten your outlook on life, develop your intellect, and, often help you journey more smoothly over the different ruts of life.

THE BAY OF NAPLES

By L. J. McCOIG

IF YOU could have joined me at breakfast in the spacious dining room of the "Excelsior" Hotel at Naples, you would have had a treat that you would long remember. Not the breakfast, for the breakfast was the regular continental breakfast, — rolls, coffee, and jam, but, if while we were waiting to be served, you had allowed your gaze to wander through the wide open French doors of the breakfast room, you would have been able to feast your eyes on a scene of unparalleled beauty.

It was midnight when we reached Naples, so the scene that lay before us in the morning sunshine seemed all the more enchanting. Across the white sand, the deep blue waters of the bay sparkled under the dazzling Italian sun. The little sail boats glided across the water, their white sails glistening. Stately ships and submarines lay anchored in the harbour, and as the eye swept further across the water it rested on a purple mound, lazily unfurling a cloud of smoke. We realized that we were viewing for the first time, the famed "Mount Vesuvius."

As our sojourn at Naples was to be brief, we hurried through breakfast and made our way towards the promenade at the water's edge. It was impossible, however, to enjoy the scene until the police drove away the swarm of vendors with their wares of coral and tortoise shell. They were wonderful salesmen, or it may have been that we were easy victims.

After an hour's quiet enjoyment, we started on a trip around the bay. The cars made their way through the nar-

row streets filled with bare-footed, poorly-clad natives. The whole scene very much resembled that of the "Ghetto" in New York.

Soon we left this desolate picture, and were driving along a well-built road with the sea on one side and the mountains on the other. Here were scattered small villages with quaint, decorative little homes.

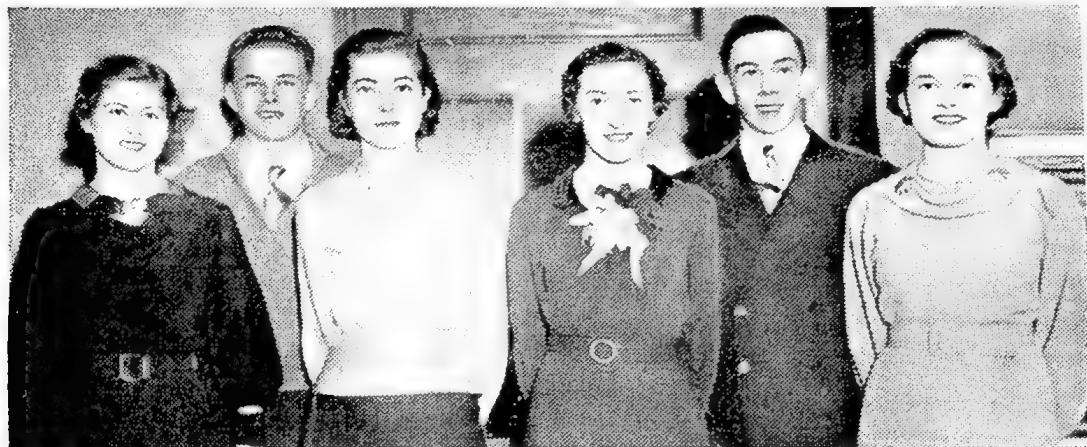
Our next stop was at Pompeii. The sun shone down mercilessly as we climbed the rough road to the city's ruins. Instinctively our eyes turned to the source of this destruction. No longer did we see a "beautiful purple mound" but instead, a Tyrannical Monarch of whom we stood in awe. We wandered through the deserted streets of the city greeted only by the "echoes of the past." We viewed the relics in the museum, and lingered in the small houses with their mosaic floors, beautifully frescoed walls, and open court yards. It seemed sad and strange to be viewing this link with the ages gone, and somewhat subdued, we retraced our steps.

Before resuming our journey, we refreshed ourselves with "long" glasses of lemonade made from freshly picked lemons. We all agreed that it was the best lemonade we had ever tasted.

The road now led through a grove of lemon trees, loaded with fruit, and through grayish-green olive gardens, always, however, keeping within sight of the sea. By noon we reached the little white fishing village of Amalfi, and passing through to the eastern side, we left the cars and by means of a

(Continued on page 22)

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Lois Whittendale, June Watt, Grace Younger, Jack Watersfield, Irma Weichelt,
Clare Longfield, Elizabeth Kelley.

THE BAY OF NAPLES—Continued
 street elevator ascended two hundred feet to an old monastery, "Cappuccini" hanging on the side of the cliff. A terrace covered with a lattice work of wisteria and grape-vines ran the entire length of the building. From the end of the terrace there was a promenade, arched over with lemon and pomegranate trees. We were shown to our room — Cell 22. The floor was made of red stone flags, and the room was without windows. Wide doors opened onto a balcony high above the Mediterranean. We spent the afternoon bathing in the Mediterranean and watching the natives mending their nets or hanging long lines of macaroni out in the sun to dry. In the evening our dinner was laid on the wide terrace overlooking the moonlit sea. During the meal, we were entertained by four musicians, and by two little boys, who sang delightfully.

In the morning we started on our way, passing under the subway of the old Cappuccini monastery and out along a road built half-way up the coast between the mountains and the sea. It was a glorious way, and I do not know how to convey to you the exhilaration we felt as we drove along the winding cliffs, dipping down into the little half-eastern villages, then climbing again to the heights, the road ever turning and twisting to disclose to our eyes new delights, ever thrilling with its wild, rough beauty. But once the water-shed was passed, the whole scene changed. Stretched before us was a marvellously fertile country of orange groves, vine-yards and luxurious gardens, leading into the town of Sorrento,

Sorrento is a tourists' town, a place to buy shawls, laces, beads and pretty wooden boxes. A busy hour was spent here, and then we boarded a steamer for that far-sung Isle of Capri. But there was another delight in store for us. When we were within a short distance of Capri, the steamer anchored and about fifty brightly coloured row-boats darted out from the mainland, and swinging in a curve drew up at the side of the steamer. Two passengers got in each boat, and were rowed to the Blue Grotto. As the boatmen rowed us toward the Grotto, we noted the deep blue of the sky and the even deeper blue of the water, but when we entered the cave with its silvery-satin blue waters, with its ceiling and walls the colour of lapis-lazuli, the outside blue paled in comparison. After twenty minutes we returned to the steamer and went on our way to Capri. Landing at Capri we took a funicular to the top, a distance of two miles by the road. We had dinner on the terrace of one of the hotels and then wandered along the little narrow crooked streets, which angled here and there as if they led to nowhere. Here one finds the artist busy trying to put on canvas the beauty all around him. The old fisherman, whose picture is seen on so many walls, proudly walked the street in all his gala array.

Late in the afternoon we took the steamer to Naples where we boarded the train for Rome. Looking back on the past two days, we felt that they were filled with beauty, grandeur and sunlight,—and a happiness which words could not describe, but which we would never forget.

HAWAII HO!

By ELIZABETH McMILLAN

BEING that kind of person who mails the coupon while my friends laugh, I couldn't miss the opportunity of performing said operation to obtain a Pen Pal in Hawaii.

After receiving all the particulars about Palsy (Honorata Apaun was her

name) I wrote the opening letter by way of starting our little friendship (which is flourishing pretty well) and sat back expecting big things.

But, needless to say, I was disappointed. After expecting a bit of a grass-

(Continued on page 43)

Foreign Correspondence

To Audrey Bainbridge from South Africa—Walter Mutton, Pietermaritzburg

Dear Audrey: Date: 21-1-35.
It does get cold here occasionally, but very rarely. To-day it has been very hot — about 90 degrees in the shade, I think.

The flowers out here are lovely, especially at present as we had early rains and the whole countryside is green like it is at home, but it is usually dry and dusty in the veld, as we, in South Africa, call the countryside.

I did go to a high school, but it was not commercial. There are high schools in South Africa but they are called Technical Colleges, and specialize in subjects for the Technical Certificates. The ordinary high schools educate for the Junior and the Matriculation Certificates. It is almost impossible to obtain work without your Junior Certificate or Technical Certificate. You take this exam after two years at high school. If you pass you can study for a further two years and take your Matriculation. This certificate is necessary to obtain a position in the Civil Service.

Of course, in South Africa, there are two official languages, which you really must know before you can get on. In Canada you also have to know two languages, but you have not got about six different tribes of natives (the Blacks) in the country, each speaking a different language.

I have just been for a swim. I suppose swimming in S. A. where the water is about 77 degrees all summer is somewhat different to Canada. Since I wrote the first part of this letter we have had an electrical storm — nothing but lightning and then later some thunder and finally a good downpour of rain. Cheerio! WALTER.

Letter to Elsie Linkert from Camille Ghestin, 143 rue de Fontenay, Vincennes, (Seine), France

Dear Elsie: Date: Aug. 14, 1935.

Switzerland is very beautiful as you may have seen it in pictures. I wish not only that you may see them, but that you may have the good luck to come some day and visit these delightful spots. We are on the shore of Lake Leman, about 700 feet above it, and we overlook this immense lake, like a great, calm sea. On the shore are grouped houses, and even important towns, such as Lausanne, Evian, Montreux. There is also Geneva, where conferences of the League of Nations take place, but we do not see this city from our

hotel. We can see many little houses, real Swiss chalets, in woods scattered through the mountain, which seems almost to crush them. The mountain is covered with firs, pines and fields. Only at the summit is there bare rock, and lately the peaks have been covered by a snow storm. CAMILLE GESTIN.

Letters to Mae Weir from New Zealand
Dear Mae:

Now I will try and explain a bit about farm life: About half past four the men get up and bring the cows in from the paddock and place them in a yard joined on to the shed. After a cup of tea, the men start milking. We have about 100 cows, most of which are milked by machine. My eldest brother helps. The milk from the cows goes into a big vat — oh of course the cows are not milked all by machine, you have to take the machines off and then milk the rest by hand — when the vat is nearly full the separator is put on and the milk is separated from the cream. The cream is put into cans and the skimmed milk is fed to the pigs and calves. The cans of cream are placed on a stand near the road and a cream carrier comes along and takes the cream to the factory where it is made into butter.

I would like to feel snow. Well, I still have that everlasting homework.

Love, JOAN ROTHERY.

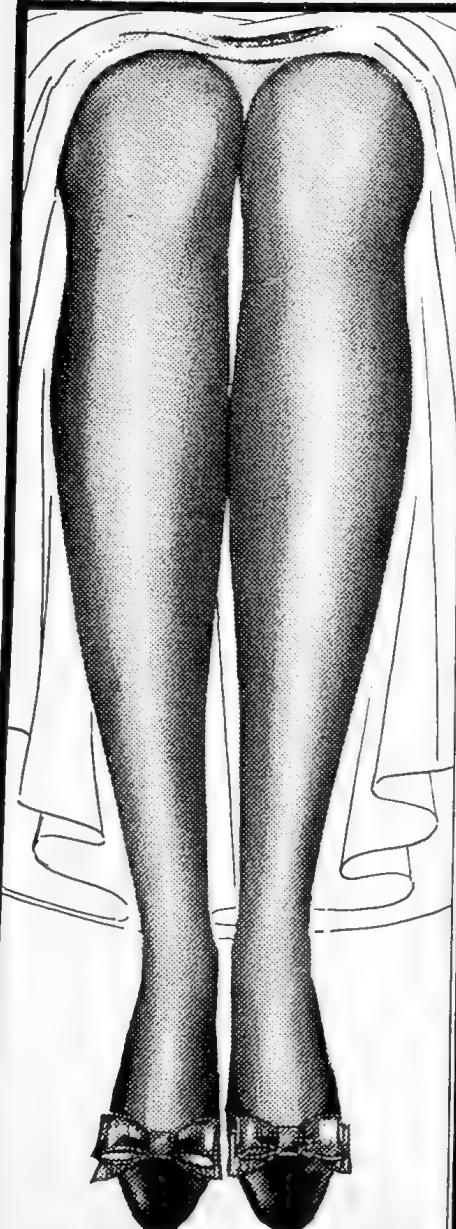
Dear Mae:

Sept. 16, 1935.

Spring is drawing near and our trees are full of blossoms, they look beautiful. There are many little lambs and calves around the paddocks now. Butter fat over here is up and all the dairy farmers are smiling and I believe the cuts are to be restored. Most of the people live in the North Island because there is more land available for settlement, and sheep and dairy farming; and another reason is that Wellington and Luckland possess the best harbours in New Zealand. The North Island has more big mountains than the south; the highest is Mt. Cook, 12,349 feet.

The climate of New Zealand in the North Island is a cool winter and very warm summers, while in the South Island cool winters and warm summers. Nelson is the sunniest place in New Zealand, and next Napier. Napier is the town which was wrecked by an earthquake three years ago. Wheat is grown in Canterbury which is in the South Island.

From your Overseas friend,
MOLLY HOLSON.



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PAIR

POETRY

THE HEROES OF LONG SAULT

They sang of old Thermoplae,
Of Spartans strong and bold,
And of where brave Leonides
Shook off the Persians' hold.

They sang of how those fearless
Fell in their tracks until
Not one man of the handful
Was left to play his skill.

Of how these Greek Three Hundred
Held back the thousands strong,
And how the Spartan glory
Shamed that motley throng.

But, sing to me of Dollard
Who, with the sixteen youths
Sold their lives so dearly
To save the Christian roofs;

Who took their farewell sacrament
In the Chapel Hotel Dieu,
Then sailed the flooded Ottawa,
The heroes of Long Sault.

Of how behind the ruins
Of an old Algonquin fort,
They waited the arrival
Of the Redman's mighty court;

And after hours of waiting
In tension, stress and strain;
With howling, whoops and curses,
The dancing warriors came.

They laughed and jeered and pointed,
The few who hoped to stop
The host of mighty Iroquois,
The flower of their stock.

There followed days of fighting,
When blood ran free and fast;
And the group of French Canadians,
Fought man to man to last.

Then the startled, fearful hunters
Fell back, afraid and torn
Fearing the growing heap of dead
Still slaughtered by the worn.

The startled, puzzled hunters
Fell back, and back, until
At each retreat upon the slope
Their dead lay cold and still.

But after nights of sleeplessness
And days of gruesome toil,
The little band of Christians
Were falling on the soil.

God only knows the ending
Of the gallant Dollard's few,
But each man died a martyr
Valiant, brave and true.

Sing me then of Dollard,
Heroes of Long Sault,
How each one sold his life so dear
To save both me and you.

—FRANCES WORRAL.

THE JOY OF LIVING

We all find joy in living
In a hundred different ways,
And though the paths be many,
They are trodden every day.

Some find their joy in glamour,
In the noisy, crowded streets,
While others think that dance and song
Are all that make life sweet.

A peaceful home that is free from care
Is all that a mother wishes,
But a rolling sea, and a rollicking song
For a sailor, with briny kisses.

The soldier fights for valour
On a field that swims with blood,
And the pilot seeks his freedom
In the clouds way up above.

But I prefer to wander
'Neath the blue and tranquil sky,
And gaze with spellbound rapture
On the bluebirds way up high.

And when the shadows start to steal
From out their safe retreat,
I thank God for the beauties
That make nature complete.

—MARY KEYTE.



POETRY

THE BEAUTIFUL SIDE OF THE SEVEN AGES

The world is not a stage encumbered with deceitful actors, But a world of people helping those who need their help; Who toil hard all day and then, exhausted, sleep all night; Who love, laugh, cry, and share each other's sorrows. First the chubby babe who smiles with optimism on the world he sees; Then the whistling schoolboy tackling alike with zeal Both work and play. Next comes the ardent lover Whose very work's enlightened by his love; then the soldier— The symbol of a fighting nation— Thinking only of his loved ones and the land he represents. Follows the judge, whose interests center round his people, Not round bribes or gold. Old age now makes its entrance, Symbolizing lives of work, experience, and wisdom. Entering those years of dignity, man, beloved by all, Walks with head upheld and upright carriage, Battling bravely those advancing years, Even to the grave.

—GLADYS DIBBEN.

TO A FRIEND

I never knew a friend like you Could mean so much to me; You have replaced a dear old face I long so much to see.

Your cheerful smile, your bright "Hellos" Are like a record played, To bring again from memory's lane The songs that once I made.

Oh! Let us hope our friendship lasts, "Until death us do part," Until the song the record played Like mist fades from my heart.

—RUTH HARTLEY.

DUSK AND DAWN

The sun has set, the day is done, The cows file homeward, everyone; Soon the woods with night life creep, Out of the shadows, dark and deep.

The moon patrols her lonely round Casting her light o'er shadowed town; The stars, like candles, flame on high In the dim, though ever brilliant sky.

The dawn is near, the moon must wane, Ere sunrise sets the sky afame With colours rare, with colours bright, Routing the darkness of the night.

And lo! the morn dawns fresh and clear, The birds are singing far and near, The dewy trees receive the sun Proclaiming far — the day has come.

—OLIVE DARLING.

THOUGHTS OF A GRADUATE

When you've gone through school and learned to know Each school girl through and through, And learned to understand each one As though she were part of you; When the teachers at last you appreciate, And their feelings begin to know; When you've worked, and played, and laughed at school Oh! How you hate to go!

Even though it is duty that beckons to you

And a place in the world you take, And think of the good times you had at school

And oh! how your heart does ache; Even though you get used to the change at last,

And you love the position you hold, The memories of school are locked tight in your heart, For they represent treasures untold.

—GLADYS DIBBEN.



BANNER CLASS


 POETRY

DREAMING

On cold winter nights, I love to sit
Before the fireplace and think;
And watch the flames as there they flit,
And shadows, which around me wink.

The drowsy heat which fills the room,
Soon causes me to wander off
To meadows where sweet flowers bloom,
And streams, that tinkle soft.

From here I wander, over hills
And dales that brim with clover,
Past "Joseph's" noisy lumber mills,
In sight of Mountain Dover.

And next, I take a fishing trip
To "Perkin's" placid meadow brook,
Where fresh young trout through large
rocks slip
And glide while on you look.

Then finally . . . I'm brought right back
From castles I've built in Spain;
And find that the fire fuel does lack,
So I build it up again.

—H. PARTINGTON.

TO KIPLING

Oh Breathless Hush! Why didst thou
cease
His pen with everlasting peace!
Here was a man — his country knew
That of his kind there were too few,
A nation mourns — the whole world
weeps
In solemn stillness while he sleeps.

—JACK MORGAN.

TREES

Trees to me are peculiar things,
Some are as tall and as stately as kings.
Like the graceful poplar — how upright
is he!
I think it the tallest and most slender
tree.
The weeping-willow, he looks quite sad,
While the pine waves his branches and
seems right glad.
Then there's the kind and fatherly oak,

Spreading his branches o'er the ground
like a cloak.
The cattle rest there in the cool of the
shade,
Peace and comfort — Nature made.

—MARJORIE RILEY.

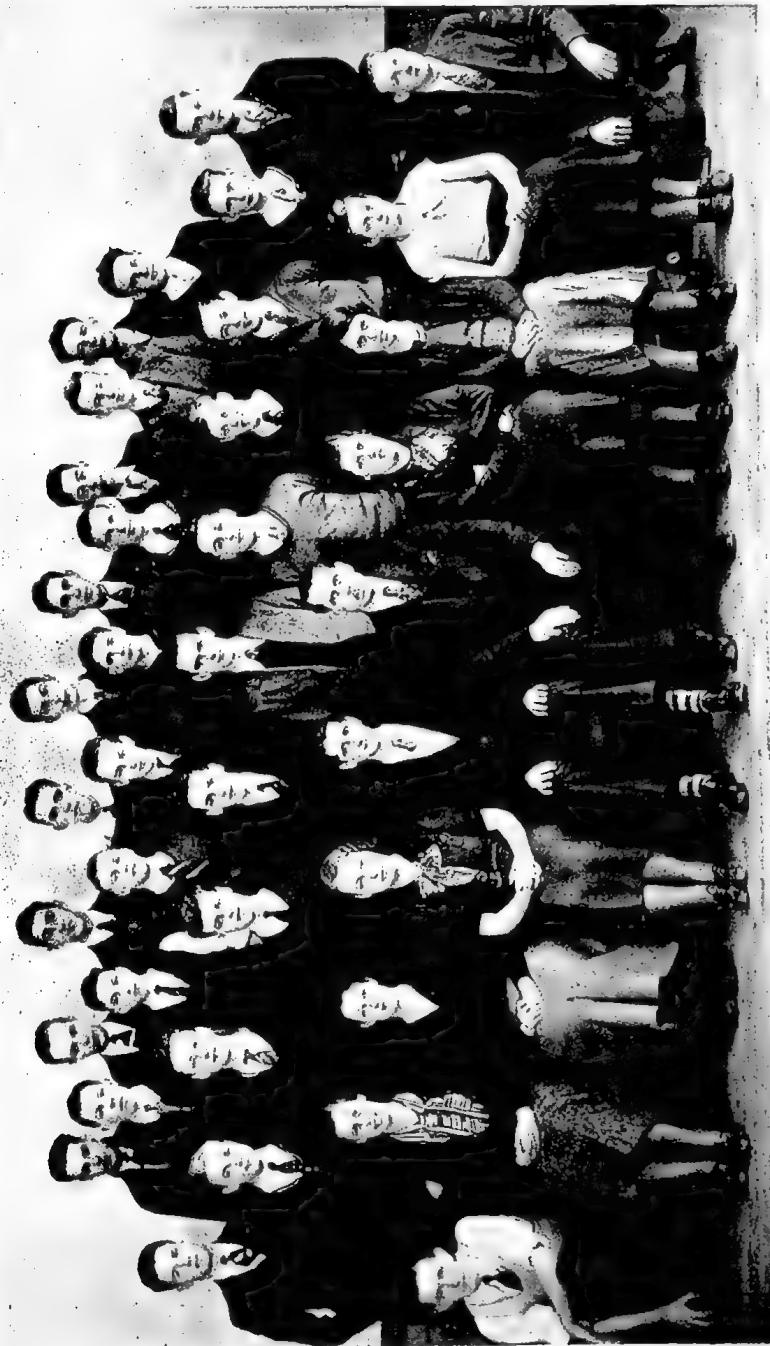
—o—
Oh, the wind it howled, and the wind it
blew,
And away from her head the bonnet
blew!
It whirled up straight to select its
course
First brushing the ears of the deacons
horse;
With a leap he scampered away in
fright
And scattered the children, left and
right.
A stranger grabbed for the horse's head,
But stumbled and fractured his own
instead.

After the bonnet a small boy ran,
Knocked over a woman, and tripped a
man.
The deacon's daughter married the chap
Who rescued her from the swaying trap,
She lived to regret it later on.
In all that town there abided none
Whose life wasn't changed on that
dreadful day
When my old Aunt's bonnet was blown
away.

Some were crippled, and some went mad,
Some turned saintly, and some turned
bad,
Birth and marriage and death and pain
Were all swept down in that bonnet's
train.
Wives quarreled with husbands! I can't
relate
The endless tricks which were played by
fate.
There are folk to-day who had not been
born
Had my Aunt stayed home on that Sun-
day morn.

—“ANON”

M. Riley

**CLASS C-1**

FRONT ROW:—Oliver Purvis, Adeline Waite, Dorothy Smith, Mildred Bigerje, Jack Field (President), Mt. Langford, Aneida Buttenham, Marian Lane, Marmee Brown, Ernest Straight, Bert Walker, Stanley Poloski, Nick Tartachok, Dennis Martin, Jack McGuire, Nick Cinor, Ernest Knight, Harvey Connor, Raymond Edwards, Edgar Hall.

SECOND ROW:—Elvyn McCarthy, Bert Whittle, Len Burke, Sylvano Augustine, Bill Laun, Edward Skelton, Ted Kattwick, Jack Jones, Frank Enfield, Ab Whittle, Len Burke, Sylvano Augustine, Bill Laun, Edward Skelton, Ted Kattwick.

THIRD ROW:—Jack Carter, Mervin Morrison, Harry Precious, Jim Carter, Frank Nethersell, Bill Marshall.

BACK ROW:—William Morrison, Harry Precious, Jack Carter, Mervin Dawson, Lorne Cartwright, Jim Carter, Frank Nethersell, Bill Marshall.

Girls' Athletics



By NANCY ROWAN

SENIOR BASKETBALL

By ELINOR LINDSAY

THIS year both the girls senior and junior basketball teams stepped out to display a fighting spirit and some good clean sportsmanship.

The senior girls went into action against Central, Westdale and Delta, finishing with a record of two wins and three losses. They played one exhibition game, opposing Normal High School and defeated them by a handy margin.

Meanwhile, the juniors clashed with Central, Westdale, Delta and Tech, and had a more successful schedule, winning four games and losing three.

In the senior squad, individual honours were shared by Evelyn Blackmore and Pat Couse, while the junior high-scorers were Dorothy Cowen and Jean Dryland.

The struggle for interform championships resulted in C2 capturing the senior honours and B4 defeating all rivals in the second form. A7 came out on top in the junior division.

So now we leave our basketball teams with a hearty wish for many more successful and happy years.

FIELD DAY

THE school's field day was held finally on October 11, after being postponed three time on account of rain.

The meet was run off under the able supervision of Miss Fitzsimmons (now Mrs. McCulloch) and Mr. Dilworth. Mr. Kerr of the Hamilton Olympic Club very kindly consented to start the races. A number of the teachers helped by judging, measuring, timing, etc.

The meet was a huge success with a very large crowd in attendance all rooting for the various competitors.

In the junior division Olive Theobald won the junior championship with a handy margin. Her closest rival being Marion Ball.

The intermediate championship was won by Nancy Rowan with plenty of opposition from Elinor Lindsay who made it a real battle to the finish.

There was no senior championship as there was not enough seniors entered.

The form relays were won by A9, B6, and C3.

(Continued on page 33)



GIRLS' SENIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

FRONT ROW:—Vera Lindsay, Bernice Moore, Helen Blotz, Pat Coue, Jenn Wright.
BACK ROW:—Mona Reid, Evelyn Blackmore, Marjorie Hodson, Lois Whittendale, Phyllis Cooper, Miss Hodson.



GIRLS' JUNIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

FRONT ROW:—Joan Hartley, Betty Briggs, Mac Weir, Jenn Dryland, Olive Theobald.
BACK ROW:—Mamie Brown, Marjorie Ferguson, Frances Cosby, Dorothy Cohen, Catherine Hallett, Miss Hodson.

From a Diary Note of Aug. 1918

By MR. STEWART

DURING the Great War, Southern Ireland had broken out in open rebellion against British rule. Lead by the Sinn Fein element, a revolt occurred in Dublin in 1916 when the rebels seized the Post Office and other government buildings with a view to setting up a revolutionary government in Ireland. Already, the Germans had received friendly aid from Southern Ireland which enabled them to establish submarine bases along the coast, thereby, greatly increasing the danger to British shipping in the Irish sea and the English Channel. Realizing this and fearing that the Revolution might spread, England applied rather stern measures to quell the revolt. A battleship appeared in Dublin harbour and for fifteen minutes the Post Office on Sackville Street was shelled, and the rebels fled.

As a result of this, feeling ran high as Britain tightened her grip upon the country. All garrisons in Southern Ireland were strengthened and to co-operate with the militia, an air squadron was sent to Ireland whose chief duty was reconnaissance patrol.

Thus in Southern Ireland during the entire period of the Great War, there was encountered a more or less active resistance to British authority. This resistance was organized and led by the Sinn Fein Shadow Cabinet, of which Mr. De Valera, the present president of the Irish Free State was then one of its active members.

As a member of the squadron stationed at Fermoy, the writer relates the following incident:

One morning late in August, our machine was assigned to the Bantry Bay Patrol. This would take us along the Blackwater River to Youghal, Queenstown, Cork, along the coast of Bantry Bay, up to Mallow and along the railway east to Fermoy.

After carefully checking the aerial, camera and the wireless transmitter, we tumbled into the machine and were soon

off the ground. At a height of 2000 feet over Fermoy, we picked up our course and proceeded eastward along the Blackwater with a range of hills beneath us. The observer had settled down to "map-reading" and was "ticking off" the wireless.

However, we had been flying eastward less than ten minutes when we felt the engine was losing power. The "revs" dropped from 1600 to 1400 and from 1400 to 1000; the windshield, our faces, and coats were splashed with oil.

It was evident that we must look for a landing ground. We nosed downward and turned around into the wind to find ourselves gliding earthward with the Blackwater on our right, and beneath us, the prospects of a none-too-happy landing. Not having the altitude to glide to the open country across the river to the north, we had to make the best of it. And what a selection, — trees, hill-tops and ravines drawing closer and closer.

We had almost lost hope of landing safely when fortunately, at the last moment, we spied a small field, surrounded by a stone wall, which formed the top of one of the hills. Into this with nothing to spare we glided and came to rest six yards from the stone wall on the west of the field. We went to the wall and looked down into a ravine 80 or 90 feet deep.

Returning to the machine we found that a broken tappet spring was the cause of our trouble and my partner set out at once on foot to the nearest village to phone the aerodrome for assistance.

It was now 10 a.m. and it was necessary for me to stand by until assistance arrived.

Already a large number of people had assembled in the field from the nearby farms and villages, and the hours passed quickly as we chatted. Among them was a friendly gentleman of four score

(Continued on page 63)

GIRLS' ATHLETICS—Continued

SWIMMING

The four girls chosen to represent the school's swimming team were: Betty Gilbart, Edna Lissom, Peggy McIntosh and Fredda Burton, all first formers.

The first opportunity they had to show their ability was on November 1, when they defeated Delta and Westdale only to be disqualified because one girl left her mark too soon.

The second opportunity came on Friday, December 13, which proved very lucky for the girls. After a very speedy race the Commerce girls ended in first place, claiming the honours. They defeated Delta's A and B teams and Central and Westdale's teams.

Here's wishing them plenty of luck in the future and we hope they may add to their laurels. FREDDA BURTON.

COMMERCE BADMINTON CLUB

The club has had a successful season with an enlarged membership. The executive thank the members who have made our tournaments and social entertainments such a success.

The members elected their executive for the year 1935-36. They are as follows:

President—Merv. Dawson

Vice-President—John Shaw

Secretary—Adeline Waite

Publicity Manageress—

Florence Roadhouse

—o—

TUMBLING

With not quite so many members as there were last year, tumbling started under the guiding hand of Miss Fitzsimmons. Miss Hodgson, our new gym teacher, has not continued this class as yet but intends to carry it on at a later date.



SHORTER SKIRTS AND RUMBLE SEATS

... always making you stocking-conscious. That is unless you're wise enough to step out in

Gotham Hosiery

Chiffon and light service weight in the grand new Spring shades . . . and only 75c a pair at

ROBINSON'S



Social

By MARY HICKEY

BLESSED are they who have the gift of making friends, for it is one of God's best gifts. It involves many things, but above all, the power of going out of one's self and appreciating whatever is noble and loving in another."

—Thomas Hughes.

It has been said that friendship is the highest degree of perfection in society. With this in mind, we have striven during this past year to make such friendly relations possible.

The outstanding social events of our school life are the tea dances. Since we have no "At Home" or other feature activity, we rely on these occasional dance hours to provide the chief means of getting acquainted.

Consequently, everyone looked forward to the first tea dance on November 1st: some, eagerly; some a bit hesitant — everyone hoping for the best. The dance for which Nels Dickson's Band provided the music, and the first semester of the Central High School of Commerce were off to a friendly start.

Throughout these winter months there have been class and school roller skating parties at the Alexandra Academy, which have been greatly enjoyed by our "sporting" students. The more conservative seniors, who "couldn't take it," patiently waited for the next tea dance which was held on February 7th. The absence of Miss Marshall's supervision

was keenly felt in managing this dance, but with the splendid co-operation of the committee, under Mr. Foucar's watchful eye, it was an even greater success than the former one. This time Hal Hadfield's orchestra was in attendance.

Inter-class parties were very popular, especially with junior students who celebrated whenever the opportunity arose. They were particularly active at Hallowe'en time and during Valentine week.

The teachers, too, find time to get better acquainted at their friendly teas, held once a month at the school. A very special occasion was that on which the staff presented a gift to the former Miss Fitzsimmons, who, prior to her marriage, was our physical training instructor. The students also welcomed this opportunity of showing her their appreciation of her work and interest.

This brings us up to date on our social activities. With past experiences of good times, we eagerly look forward to approaching events. Of special importance is the tea dance to be held on May 8th at which there is to be the added attraction of a fashion parade — modeled by our own girls.

In such a manner do we intend to end our school year, indebted to the Central High School of Commerce not only for our business training but for a number of friends whom we are not likely to forget.



CLASS C-2

FIRST ROW:—Phyllis Green, Grace Robertson, Marion Disher, Winnie-d. Barnes, Beatrice Prudker, Miss Ferguson, Ivy Shevel, Elizabeth McMillan, Mary Walker, Bernadine Gent.

SECOND ROW:—Mildred Bonnallie, Norma Soden, Stella Swistun, Lena Trovitski, Almu Peyske, Hazel Keith, Mary Keyte, Helen Krakus, Lois McMillan, Lily Stephenson, Lily Butters.

THIRD ROW:—Dorothy Beaver, Frances Rusnake, Sarah Infturnari, Mildred Manton, Jean Davidson, Thelma Ronghead, Marie Hooser, Helen Walker, Marjorie Marshall, Frances Cosby, Audrey Crossin, Muriel Davey, Ethel Turner.

THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH

By MAE WEIR

ACROSS the Pacific Ocean from Canada lies the great East — the mysterious land of India, backward China, and new Japan. If there is any one country in which we should be interested, it is this island-country of Japan. Japan's sun has suddenly risen out of the darkness. She has left her ancient civilization behind and has adopted our Western habits. It was a comparatively easy matter for the aristocracy of Japan to reform once its imagination was captured by the Western idea of progress based on science and industry, society and government. For Japan is not like her neighbour, China. In fifty years she has left behind all vestiges of the old world except for one thing, her religion. The result is that the country has become a great power, and a formidable competitor in world markets. She must be included in every conference; she must be watched by every eye.

The Japanese Empire consists of five large and several hundred smaller islands which extend along the east coast of Asia. The Empire includes also the peninsula of Korea, which, when added to Japan some years ago, was renamed Chosen. The area of the entire Empire is only about two-fifths of that of Ontario, while the population is in the neighbourhood of 65,000,000 people, one-half that of the United States. While the Japanese claim that Manchuria is still Chinese, we may call it a part of the Japanese Empire, or at least, a Japanese protectorate.

Japan was thrust up out of the ocean during some volcanic eruption. In general, the climate is mild. The Ainus are the original inhabitants but the present race is largely descendant of the Mongolians who settled there. They are a very artistic people who take delight in what is beautiful. They are exceedingly industrious and skillful, especially in work requiring delicacy of touch and handling. Though they retain some of

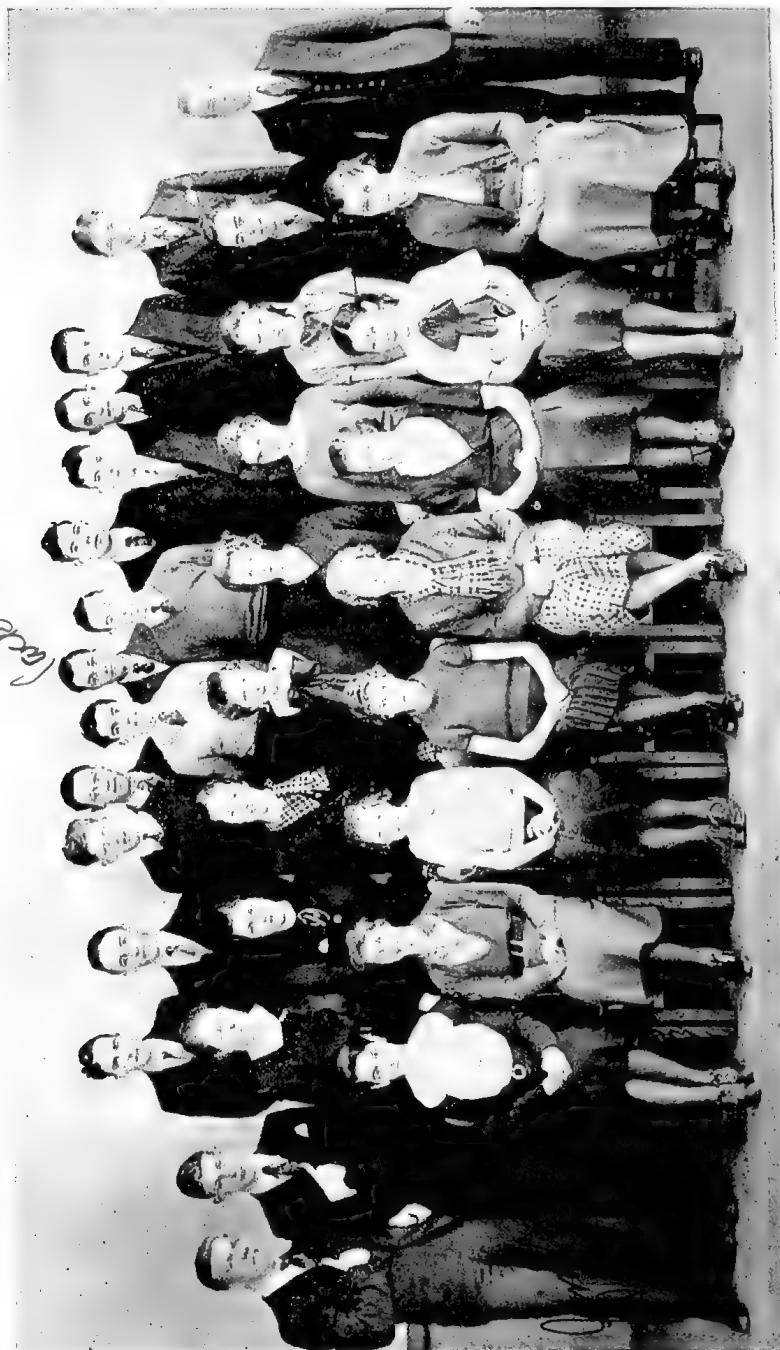
their picturesque customs, the Japanese are the most intelligent and enterprising of the Eastern peoples. The young men are sent to Europe or to America to be educated and to bring back with them a knowledge of civilization other than their own.

One of Japan's biggest problems is how to provide food, clothing, and employment for the sixty-five million people. Agriculture helps to solve the problem. Intensive agriculture produces over 90 per cent. of all the food consumed in the country and nearly all work is done by hand. Every available piece of land is cultivated and every possible kind of fertilizer is used. Several crops are grown each year. The climatic regions are ideal for intensive farming as the lands lie mainly in the monsoon region and the summer winds from the ocean bring abundant rain when the growing crops most need it. Much more food is produced now than before the ports were opened, for now each locality does not produce for itself but produces the product specially adapted to its conditions and trades that commodity with other regions.

The important crop of Japan is rice. Another important crop is silk. In some years such exports amount to more than \$350,000,000. This huge cash income to the Japanese silk growers is made possible through the great demand for raw silk in America. Tea is another of Japan's cash crops. Cheap labour makes these industries possible.

The coming of the factory system has done much to relieve the pressure of the dense population. It has greatly increased the producing power of the nation and has furnished a wider range of occupations to the people. Cotton manufacturing ranks first; the silk industry is next. Japan has limited resources of iron ore, and the iron and steel industry is not highly developed, but there is coal enough in the country to meet present needs.

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FRONT ROW:—Madeline Nunziato, Theresa Dupuis, Claire Fischer, Beatrice Pitt, Miss G. Maycock, Irene Lendziosk, Jacqueline Hinz, Alice Reid.

SECOND ROW:—J. Blair, G. Gilbert, Muriel Dawson, Pauline Buchanan, Dorothy Dawson, Madeleine Lomas, Roberta Mulligan, Margaret Blain, Mary Olynychuk, E. O'Connor, B. Startek.

THIRD ROW:—F. Freeman, J. Moore, V. Williams, G. Lovett, G. Giacconi, J. Dishner, J. McInerney, M. Turnball, W. Kwiatkowski, M. Kupitan, L. Fletcher, R. Shaw.

DEBATING AND ORATORY

By FRANK LYNCH and DORIS WEBB

THE aim of most books on public speaking is to give the reader some notion of the use of gesture, elocution, and the arrangement of the subject-matter. The main idea in speaking, however, is to know what to say, and how to say it, so as to grip the attention and interest of others, and to be pleasing to your listeners.

There is an old Anglo-Saxon proverb, which states, "A man is known by his talk, as a bird is by its song." More and more people are beginning to realize the importance of public speaking in everyday life. Speech-making has become a routine matter, and very often merely words, for oratory is a rare thing. It should not be.

Our school curriculum affords the student every opportunity of improving along these lines; for we realize that public speaking is the greatest means of overcoming self-consciousness.

"Mend your speech a little
Lest you may mar your fortunes."

King Lear:—

An extensive program of debates and oratorical contests has involved a portion of the first, second and third forms inter-class competitions, and the high standard of material heard certainly accounts for the interest shown by teachers and pupils alike.

Results of the First Form Oratorical Contests

A-1 vs A-2	A-7 vs A-11
A-3 vs A-4	A-3 vs A-10
A-5 vs A-6	A-5 vs A-3
A-7 vs A-8	A-3 vs A-7
A-9 vs A-10	A-1 vs A-7
A-11 (bye).	

Winner: A-3.

Results of the Second Form Debating Contests

B-1 vs B-2	B-1 vs B-3	B-3 vs B-7
B-4 vs B-7	B-5 vs B-7	
B-5 vs B-6		
B-3 (bye).		

Winner: B-3.

Results of the Third Form Debating Contests

C-1 vs C-2	C-1 vs C-3	C-3
C-3 vs C-4		

The Winners

First Year students—Representatives of A-3 were: Grace Yonger, Irma Weichelt, Jack Waterfield.

Second Year students — Representatives of B-3 were: Elizabeth Kelly, Claire Longfield.

Third Year students—Representatives of C-3 were: Lois Whittendale, June Watt.

To the winners may we offer our congratulations and the wish for continued success; and to the losers, who tried hard, we say: Better luck next time!

INTERSCHOLASTIC DEBATES

Last year we were eliminated by Cathedral High School, the champions for six successive years; and the showing made by the debating team was indeed a credit to our school.

On December 4 we registered our first victory in the 1935-36 Interscholastic Debating Schedule. The topic, "Resolved that the Provincial Government should supply free Medical and Hospital Services," was ably upheld by Gordon Neff and Mabel Davidson of Normal School, on the negative side, and by Wilhelmina Deschamps and John McInerney of Commerce on the affirmative side. In defeating this team of future school teachers, we qualified for the second round. Our next debate against Hamilton Technical, on February 27, was claimed by default by Commerce, who were represented by Jean Harrington and Frank Lynch.

This year, the final debate will be conducted between Cathedral High School and the Central High School of Commerce, and may the better team win. Our representatives are to be Amy Pepper and Roy La Ferte.



CLASS S-2
FRONT ROW:—B. Irish, R. Cakebread, W. Deschamps, M. MacNeil, R. Bloom, Miss H. A. Lorriway, A. Day, M. Hickey, M. Mattice, J. Gow, Agnes Elliott.
SECOND ROW:—A. Hing, R. Kipling, B. Halley, M. Roper, Aileen Elliott, M. Ferguson, L. Berry, I. Kinnawin, J. Edwards, E. Bryant, K. Carrigan, C. Crozier, E. Maxted.
THIRD ROW:—V. Pickard, M. Cochrane, E. Linker, A. Wake, J. Harrington, J. Hicks, P. Conne, N. Weintraub, G. Stauding, L. Garry, F. Truman, H. Blattz.



By GORDON LOVETT

CAN you imagine a world without music? Hard isn't it? Music is universal, and was before histories were written. It is at once the oldest and the youngest of the arts; — the oldest because man from the beginning has used his voice to express emotion, or has made rhythmic noises for the accompaniment of bodily movements, (the African savage does just that even up to now) — the youngest of the arts because poetry, painting, sculpture, architecture reached maturity centuries before music began to emerge from its most simple forms. The Greeks perfected sculpture, architecture and the art of writing to a far greater degree than they did music. They had but the shepherd's pipes and the imperfect harp with which to express their joys and sorrows. The ancient Romans, whose descendants have done so much for music during the last few centuries did little to further its advance when they were all-powerful. Music for the voice and instruments as we know it to-day developed most rapidly from the 15th century on. During the last century, with the aid of science it has become a part of our lives.

To-day music is the most popular and at the same time the most appreciable of the arts. Sir Ernest MacMillan, B.A., Mus. Doc., F.R.C.M., F.R.C.O., Canada's most outstanding musician, in a speech made last year said; "Appreciation of music is a definite faculty of the mind—can never be looked upon as a frill. It is as essential to a good system of education as is literature or other cultural subjects."

Music is a part of us. We spend most of our day with some form of music

running through our minds. If we are not listening to the radio, or concerts, we are humming, whistling, singing, or playing to ourselves. Our lives would be dead without it. How many of us are there that do not get a thrill from hearing a magnificent orchestra, a great organ, or a good artist, whether singer or instrumentalist? Since music is a definite faculty of the mind then, so must an appreciation of it take the same place.

But how are we to learn to appreciate music, you ask. We all can up to a certain point, but unless we understand the background against which our best musical works have been painted, we cannot understand them as we should. The only way, then, is to have music as a definite part of every high-school curriculum. It would be unthinkable, would it not, that English be taken from our high-school. English is a definite subject in any high-school. It is, despite what some may think, the most important subject taken in any school, whether Commercial, Technical, or Academic. Why do we study English? Simply because it is necessary in order that we may enjoy one of the most pleasurable of pastimes — reading. But since music takes so great a place in our lives, surely it also should be studied. You will meet few people to-day who have not read and studied, the works of the father of all English literature, William Shakespeare, or who have not read some of the poems of Keats, Tennyson, Milton; or the novels of Dickens, Scott, or Hardy. Yet how many are familiar with the names, even, of Bach, Haydn,

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GLEE CLUB

By HELEN BLATZ

THIS year, the Glee Club pulled up anchor, and set sail for an early start on their musical voyage. Miss Wood, ably assisted by Charlotte Crozier, pianist, and student directors, Aletha Kelly and Gordon Lovett, brought the Club through with flying colours.

The first performance of the Glee Club was in conjunction with the Dramatic Society, when it supplied the musical portion of the first program, given in the Tech auditorium. The chorus of girls sang two numbers, "Funiculi, Funicula" and "Ash Grove," and a violin trio, composed of H. Walker, T. DuPuis, and H. Blatz, played the number "Happiness."

The second performance was in the new year, when the Glee Club again assisted the Dramatic Society, the chorus singing "Who is Sylvia" and "Home On

The Range." Popular music was supplied by an orchestra of boys from S3.

At Commencement, a variety of music was offered, in the way of an Accordion Solo by Sophie Tosky. Alice Day provided introductory music on the piano, and Helen Venator and Grace Lobban sang a duet.

For the big event of the year, the annual school play, the Glee Club sang three selections, "Cheer Up Do," "Massa," and "Who is Sylvia," directed by Aletha Kelly. Also, assisted by a male section, they rendered the well-known "Come To The Fair."

From the splendid showing that the Glee Club is making this year it is evident that good music is becoming more and more appreciated by the students. Let us hope that this continues to be an even greater success in the following years.



GLEE CLUB

DRAMATICS

By LILLIAN HEYWOOD

THE first offering of the Dramatic Committee was presented in the Technical Auditorium on Thursday, November 28. The program was composed of two short plays and a few musical selections conducted by Gordon Lovett.

The first play was a sequel to "She Stoops to Conquer," entitled, "Still Stooping." The cast included Phyllis Green as Kate, Ken Annan as Charles Mariowe, and Andrew Merrilees as Mr. Hardcastle.

The second play, entitled "Napoleon's Barber" was written and produced by one of our own boys, Ed. Gillen. The cast consisted of Napoleon, Jack Morgan; the three Musty Beers, Digby Banting, Ed. Gillen, and Lloyd Moore; King Louis, Jack McGuire; and the doctor, Murray Johnston.

On Friday, January 31, the Committee presented its second offering. A 1-act play, several musical and dance numbers, and a short skit constituted the program. The play, entitled "To Marry or Not to Marry," was ably enacted by the following cast, chosen from the Fourth Form and Specials: Wilhelmina Deschamps, the spoiled wife; Lloyd Fletcher, her henpecked husband; Stella Bayne, her hysterical mother; and Marjorie Ferguson, her cousin. "Enter, the King," a short skit written and produced by Dave Manson, caused a great deal of laughter. The cast was chosen from class Sp. 3 and was comprised of the following boys: the narrator, Dave Manson; the King, Neil Hill; the Faithful Queen, Francis Lynch; the Handsome Duke, John Dodman; and the Beautiful Princess, Tom Sturrock.

Several musical selections were rendered by the Glee Club, under the direction of Miss R. Wood and conducted by Aletha Kelly, and by an orchestra composed of six Sp. 3 boys, conducted by

Francis Lynch. Among the selections played by this orchestra was a parody on "Red Sails in the Sunset," entitled "Net Sales in the Classroom," dedicated to all bookkeeping teachers. Several dance numbers were rendered by a chorus of girls, lead by Betty Halley.

The third, and best offering of the Committee was presented on Thursday evening, March 13, in the Technical Auditorium. The program consisted of a 3-act play entitled "Ann's Little Affair," and musical and dance numbers were rendered by the Glee Club and a dance chorus under the direction of Betty Halley. The cast of the play included Lillian Garry as Ann, Pat Couse as Mrs. Bonner, Yvonne Shurety as Geraldine, Lloyd Fletcher as Harold, John Wilson as Mr. Bonner, Francis Lynch as Pete Reynolds, and Phyllis Cooper as Mrs. Creswell.

The story is a delightful combination of mystery, romance, and comedy. When Pete Reynolds, the son of a banker, obtains a position as chauffeur at the beautiful home of Mr. and Mrs. Bonner, falls in love with Ann, the governess, has to take the place of a guest at a banquet, meets an old friend there, and is later accused of stealing her pearls, the situation becomes very involved and the audience are held in suspense. However, everything straightens itself out, and the play ends very happily.

This was the third evening performance presented by the High School of Commerce since the school opened, was as successful as "Hearts and Blossoms" of last year.

The activities of the Dramatic Committee have been very prosperous this year, but we hope that next year bigger and better plays will be presented, one, perhaps, being from the pen of Shakespeare.

FRONT ROW.—Alma Keyworth, Merle Kemp, Alma Jacobs, Audrey VanDusen.
 BACK ROW.—Rita Hodson, Irene Hardman, Betty Halley, Francis Gee, Jean McEnnery.



F. Lynch, Lillian Garry

PLAY CAST AND CHORUS
 Jack Wilson, Patricia Ceuse, Lloyd Fletcher, Yvonne Shurety,
 Jack McGuire, Phyllis Cooper, Lillian Garry, Frank Lynch.

HAWAII HO!—Continued

skirt, a flower garland, etc., in a queer looking envelope made of birch bark or some such material, I received an ordinary dainty envelope of white linen with paper to match. But this little setback didn't dampen my spirits any. I immediately began reading, re-reading and analysing the letter. I'm afraid Honorata must have felt embarrassed by the way in which I cross-examined her. As I still thought they must be different from Canadians, my letters to her were literally made up of questions. But, nevertheless, she was very polite and answered them all.

Honorata was not a Hawaiian, but a Filipino who had come to Hawaii in 1923 with her parents. She spoke quite a few languages and attended a Junior High School, where she was improving her English and learning how to typewrite. The letter I am analysing for the purpose of writing this article is typed, and it certainly is a consolation to discover that yours truly isn't the only one who finds it difficult to hit the right keys at the right time. But Honorata is very obliging and therefore fills in the odd space here and there with writing in order to make it clearer.

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BOOK REVIEWS

"He who loveth a book will never want a faithful friend, a wholesome counselor, a cheerful companion, or an effectual comforter."

THE HOUSE OF THE FOUR WINDS

J. Buchan

Reviewed by YVONNE SHURETY

SINCE Mr. John Buchan was appointed Governor-General of Canada, a great many Canadian people have begun reading some of his novels. They have enjoyed a great deal of popularity, mainly because they appeal to the average Canadian, who finds a good mystery story a refreshing tonic after a hard day's work.

His latest book, "The House of the Four Winds," the characters of which appear in "Huntingtower" and "Castle Gay," is an exciting sequel to the latter. The story centers around the political troubles of the little republic of Evallonia in south-eastern Europe.

As the story opens, Dickson McGunn, a retired Glasgow grocer, is told that he must leave his beloved Scotland and go to Germany if he wishes to regain his health. Jaikie Galt, a graduate of Cambridge, in whom McGunn is greatly interested, also leaves Scotland for a walking tour in Europe. He does not like the thought of staying at home because Alison Westwater, his main interest in Scotland, is in Unnuz, Switzerland, spending a holiday of boredom with her parents at a health resort there.

Just outside the boundaries of Evallonia, Jaikie meets Randal Glynde, the proprietor of a circus. Glynde, whom Jaikie had met before in London, tells him that if he enters Evallonia he will certainly find adventure. Jaikie, loving adventure and being a little interested in the troubles of the Evallonians since the events in "Castle Gay," crosses the border the following day and first sees the city of Tarta, and the House of the Four Winds, to which he is to be escorted by a friend of Glynde.

He also meets an old Cambridge friend, Count Paul Jovian, a leader of

the youth of Evallonia who are discontented with present conditions and who believe that the youth should play a more important part in government.

On his arrival at the House of the Four Winds, Jaikie finds his monarchist friend, Prince Odalchini, and is thus involved in the plans of the monarchists to restore Prince John to the throne of Evallonia.

In the meantime, Alison Westwater, in Unnuz, finds Prince John hiding from his enemies, including the desperate and unscrupulous Mastrovin, leader of the republicans. Dressed as a chauffeur, Prince John is escorted by Alison and two of her friends into Evallonia. Here she meets Jaikie, and thus she is also drawn into the net of Evallonia's politics.

How Jaikie and his friends escape miraculously from a trap laid by Mastrovin, how Dickson McCunn, now fully cured, arrives on the scene and saves the day by disguising himself as the old Archduke, and how Prince John is triumphantly restored to the throne with the youth of Evallonia on his side, brings the story to an exciting climax.

There are a few impracticable coincidences in this novel which sometimes make it appear a trifle far-fetched or fantastic, but this does not take anything away from the general enjoyment of it. It is a wholly delightful story from cover to cover.

A DAUGHTER OF THE NOHFU

Mrs. Sugimoto

Reviewed by GLADYS DIBBEN

SINCE front-page headlines have turned our attention towards Japan, our interest has been aroused in those aggressive people who have climbed so high in so short a period of time.

"A Daughter of the Nohfu" illustrates the Japanese motto, "Keep the best of

(Continued on page 46)



CLASS C4

FRONT ROW:—M. Pickard, B. Thaker, D. Webb, M. Barrach, D. Cohen, A. Donavan, G. Claven, B. Briggs, W. Archer, S.

SECOND ROW:—Mr. J. D. Montgomery, V. Kipling, G. Michael, A. Gross, M. Brooks, V. Francischiello, E. Hunt, V. Ridd, J. Jamieson, D. Sergeant, P. Cooper, M. Train, O. Slingserland.

THIRD ROW:—J. Jacobs, I. Maculley, M. Marshall, H. Ashby, M. Hullett, M. Reid, J. Reid, J. Watnock, V. Alger, M. Beschamps.

BACK ROW:—I. Marshall, W. Madden, D. Salmon, E. Burthwick.

Book Reviews

the old, and take the best of the new," and it is just the book to read if we are to understand the emotions which rise and fall in the heart of the Oriental.

The main plot of the story encircles O Haru, the daughter of Koemon San, a Japanese farmer, and we eagerly follow her life from girlhood to motherhood. Through her, also, we watch Japan throw off the old traditions and join the advancing ranks of modern civilization.

Besides O Haru there are O Natsu, the independent modern daughter; Yonetaro and Koji, the sons of the household who uphold the rapid progress their country is making, and the parents, O Ineh, who has at heart only the welfare of her children, and gruff Koemon San who disapproves of any change in old ancestral Japan. The ambitions of these people furnish enjoyable sub-plots — some humorous and others more serious — but the wholesome vein along which this story is written attracts us all.

The honest, unselfish, and religious Japanese life is quite clearly depicted by Mrs. Sugimoto, and many characteristics of the Eastern peoples are pictured in this unusual but delightful novel.

There is nothing whimsical or unnatural about this book, but just the true story of a lovable Japanese family. Mrs. Sugimoto has excelled herself in this latest volume, and to those who have read "A Daughter of the Samurai" and appreciate something different, something sincere, "A Daughter of the Nohfu" presents itself.

THE SEVEN LEAGUE BOOTS

Richard Halliburton

Reviewed by EDNA PIT

GIVEN the license to visit any place in the world he wanted to see, Richard Halliburton sets out to visit those places of historic importance he

has long desired to view for himself. His journeyings and discoveries he compiled into his latest book, "Seven League Boots."

This book meets the high standard he set for himself in "The Royal Road to Romance" and every page is vividly written and intensely absorbing. You feel the horror and pity that engulfed the author when he visited the deserted Devil's Island, you sense the thrill in following the course of the Merrimac on her fateful dash to death, you shudder with dread as Ermakov tells of the death of the Romanoffs, and you are assailed by conflicting feelings as you view the result of the Bolshevik rule.

You travel with him to Jeddah and follow him in his attempt to reach Mecca, you feel his disappointment when his project fails, and you share his surprise and joy when Ibn Saud consents to meet him for an interview.

Then he whisks you away to Mt. Athos in Greece where no woman has set foot for centuries, and you are imprisoned with him in one of the monasteries there. You shudder with horror on looking upon the inhabitants of the leper colony at Spinalonga and you are filled with wonder at the site of the ancient city of Knossus. After a visit with Emperor Haile Selassie you return to Europe.

You rejoice with the author as his long-dreamed-of trip across the Alps on an elephant in the tracks of Hannibal becomes a reality, and you sorrow with him when the time comes to part with the faithful elephant which shared his journey.

Thus the author has carried you, through the magic of his words, on his trip in his Seven League Boots. Richard Halliburton is indeed a master at writing travel stories, and you close this last of his works with a sense of having travelled yourself to the places written of.

(Continued on page 70)



By JOHN McINERNEY

COMMENCEMENT exercises are over for the graduating classes of 1935. On January 10, 1936, these graduates, 129 strong, mounted the stage of the Technical auditorium to receive their diplomas.

Some people regard these exercises only as the end of the school days. They are more than that. They are the beginning, the opening up of the door to a new era of life in this busy world. Graduation marks the start of a new lease on life. The graduate is now ready to leave his childhood and young manhood behind to take on the responsibilities of adult life. He is ready to face the world, filled with enthusiasm for the future and with a deep sense of his own ability to make a success of his life.

We all have our dreams. For the most part they are of the future, not of the past or present. The past is gone and cannot be altered; in another minute the present will be past so there is only the future to think and dream about. When we were very young we dreamed of getting along well in school; of being "first in the class" just once. Maybe we worked hard and realized our ambition; maybe we didn't. But anyway that is past. We have all the future in which

to work hard and be "first in the class" in our chosen careers.

We must be first. We cannot lag behind and just be good enough to get by. Nor can we remain just as good as we are. A person either moves forward or slips back. He either increases his knowledge or forgets what he has already learned. He either climbs to new heights of achievement or sinks deeper and deeper into a rut.

We are graduates of the High School of Commerce and have learned the highest principles of business ethics. Much is expected of us; we cannot let the old school down; we must be climbers and show the world that Commerce sends forth young men and women trained and fit to take their rightful place in the world as upright Canadian citizens.

When we leave school we mingle with new people and make new friends. But we shall never forget the old friends of commercial school days. Some of these friends are now working; some are back at Commerce; others are attending other Collegiates or Business Colleges; and the rest are remaining at home.

Of the 129 graduates, 43 are employed in offices, factories or stores, 47 are back at Commerce, 34 are remaining at home, 4 are at other schools and one is married and mistress of her own home.

The following is a list of the graduates and what they are doing at present:

(Continued on page 48)

ALUMNI—Continued

Fourth Year Diplomas

Helen Bentley, at home; Mary Craven; Mohawk Mills' office; Isabella Douglas, Coffield Washer office; Florence Fraser, Westinghouse office; Margaret McBride, in a store; Alice Miner, Westinghouse factory; Marjorie Moffat, Lifesavers office; Marion Smith, attending Delta Collegiate; Jean Taylor, Westinghouse factory.

Special Stenography Diplomas

Evelyn Baker, at home; Isla Brandon, Hamilton Automobile Club office; Betty Brown, remaining at home; Ida Burstyn, Eaton's part time; Edith Darlington, Bell Telephone office; Margaret Davey, Hoover office; Phyllis Evoy, at home; Marion Groves, Wood, Alexander & James office; Kathleen Little, Fowler's Canadian Company office; Marguerite Nixon, at home; Mary O'Sullivan, at home; Audrey Pett, at home; Mildred Schweier, bailiff James' office; Jean Tregunno, at home; Alexandra Konozewski, not known.

Special Bookkeeping Diplomas

James Aird, Capo Polishes office; Jack Cakebread, Hespeler; Philip Di-Philippo, at home; James Hutton, at home; John McCann, at home; John McInerney, Frost Steel & Wire office; Arthur Marlow, at home; David Muirhead, working—not known where; Russell O'Neal, Fowler's Canadian Company office; Paul O'Sullivan, Tuckett Tobacco Company office; Donald Pepper, Dominion Foundries office; Guy Ranalli, at home; David Rosenberg, Adler's Furniture Store; Francis Sturrup, International Harvester office; John Tarantuck, at home.

Third Year Bookkeeping Diplomas

Dorothy Baker, at home; Eva Marlow, at home; Irene Garshaw, at home; Daniel Coffield, at home; Henry Gray, at home; Jack McCulloch, Eaton's office; Michael Tymchuk, Drawn Steel Company.

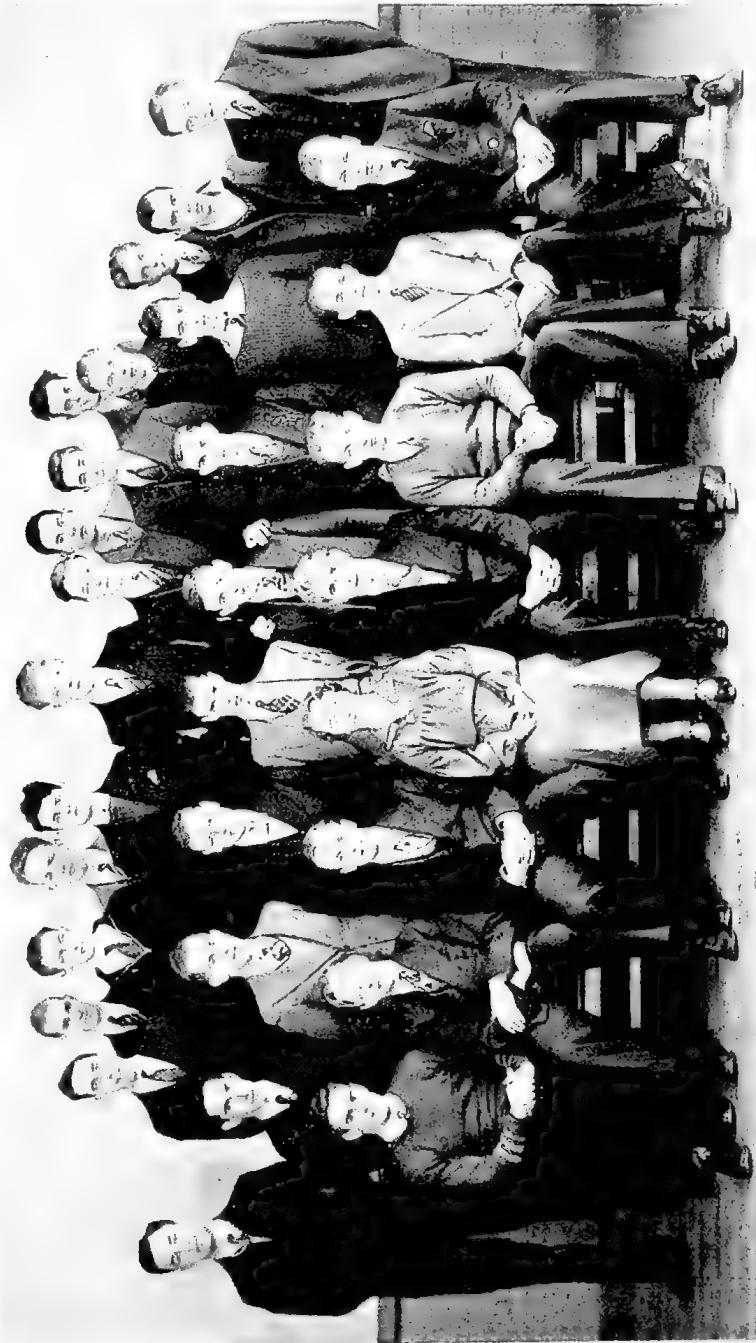
Third Year Stenography Diplomas

Annie Aitken, Radio Department at Westinghouse; Dorothy Apted, Toronto office of Loblaw's; Joan Beatt, Grafton's

office; Doris Blunt, at home; Evelyn Braybrook, office work at home; Sheila Bunton, Canadian Cotton factory; Meta Chamberlain, Westinghouse factory; Joyce Clarey, now Mrs. R. J. Hamilton, Milton, Ontario; Irene Cornfield, Eaton's store; Hazel Dolling, United-Carr Fastener factory; Frances Elliott, Hamilton Typesetting office; Irene Flett, at home; Kathleen Freckleton, Mercury Mills office; Annie Gladwell, at home; Margaret Halcrow, attending Business College; Ruth Hawkins, at home; Margaret Heffernan, demonstrator and saleswoman for Delmae Products in Kitchener, Ont. June Hutchison, not known; Helen Kniffen, Ideal Laundry office; Gladys Macauley, Westinghouse shipping office; Marjorie McGaslin, Fuller Brush office; Christine McMillan, at home; Evelyn Martin, not known where; Elizabeth Miculan, at home; Bella Poltur, at home; Sarah Poltur, at home; Grace Ramsay, Westinghouse factory; Blanche Reyburn, at home; Frances Roadhouse, at home; Helen Ross, attending Canada Business College; Muriel Sholer, Westinghouse factory; Marie Snor, Imperial Optical Company; Helen Terryberry, attending Canada Business College; Ethel Toth, Remington Rand office; Jennie Tosian, at home; Florence Welton, at home in Hopington, British Columbia; Lily Woodstock, United Paper Mills.

The following students have returned to school.

Berniece Gable, Norma Ashley, Mary Carrigan, Margaret Cochrane, Helen O'Brien, Amy Pepper, Edna Pitt, Dorothy Silke, Lloyd Fletcher, Fred Freeman, Gordon Lovett, James Blair, Gordon Gilbart, Michael Kapitan, John Michailuk, James Moore, Robert Shaw, Bronte Startek, Vernon Williams, Alice Baxter, Ruth Bichill, Margaret Bichill, Barbara Buckenridge, Doris Burrell, Gladys Dibben, Ruth England, Marjorie Ferguson, Dorothy Fox, Olive Goodbrand, Lillian Heywood, Marjorie Hodgson, Mary Laker, Vera Lindsay, Ethel McCreadie, Betty McIsaac, Nellie Marshall, Helen Moore, Margaret Richardson, Florence Roadhouse, Lila Sargeant, Yvonne Shurety, Betty Simpson, Mae Weir, Jean Wright, Audrey Smyth, Marion Franks.



Bethel Newport

CLASS S-3
FIRST ROW:—J. Barker, J. Dodman, N. Hill, Miss R. Wood, I. Dunn, Wm. Newport, J. Lone, *Bethel*,
M. Hartie.
SECOND ROW:—M. Best, W. Ross, R. Pettigrew, J. Dixon, E. Shek, R. Wierzolk, G. Knox, F. Pepe, Duckbury,
C. Jones, A. Mudgett, W. Smith, Wilson.
THIRD ROW:—J. Paickowski, D. Manson, W. Rawbone, J. Anderson, T. Starrock, F. Lynch, A. Smith, C. Oliver,
Cook, J. Meier, C. Oliver.



EXCHANGES



By JIM CARTER and E. STRAIGHT

IT IS our wish to thank all the schools and colleges who have so kindly sent us their magazines. The students and teachers find them interesting and helpful.

We regret that space will not permit us to comment on all annuals this year. Criticisms have been forwarded, however, and next year we hope to review those that were omitted in this volume. "TIMES" — Kingston Collegiate and Vocational Institute.

This magazine could have a more effective layout. We would suggest arranging the editorials on the opening pages of the book in place of the humour. The financial report and the athletic section are the prominent features of this book.

"AUDITORIUM"—Owen Sound.

We must say the cover of this book is indeed original although it is impossible to make out what the design is supposed to be, the colours are very bright and attractive. The outstanding points are: The shorthand page and the review of your school play.

"YE FLAME" — Central Collegiate, Regina.

The Flame has a style all of its own and indeed deserves to be congratulated. The attractive and well-finished cover certainly arouses ones interest. The magazine opens in a commendable manner, the pictures and layout are worth particular mention. It is our sincerest wish that you will continue to turn out such a volume.

"OAKWOOD ORACLE"—Toronto.

The attractive cover catches the reader's eye and the originality shown in the school song and in the "House that words built," deserves special mention. The literary section shows much talent, and the humour throughout adds

considerable enjoyment. It is questionable whether such words as "winnah," "nooz," etc., have any place in a collegiate book. But, however, your issue shows much promise.

"THE ADVENTURE"—Vancouver.

This annual has a great future, it shows true school spirit and is true to its name.

The cover is attractive, well balanced and strong. These are points that every school magazine committee should observe.

We can find nothing but the lack of illustrations to criticise. It is an ideal school paper, and we send our heartiest wishes for its continued success.

"THE ALIBI" — Belleville Collegiate Institute.

This is an excellent magazine, especially the sport section. To you we also wish the best success for the future issues.

"THE MAGNET."

An exchange column in your magazine would be very advisable, and how about some more Wit and Humour. Your sport section is very good.

"THE TATLER" — Lindsay Collegiate Institute, Lindsay.

We would like to suggest that in future years you try to enlarge on the poetry in your book. Apart from this you have a very good school volume.

LIST OF EXCHANGES

"Vox Lycei," Lisgar Collegiate, Ottawa.

"The Cambridge Review," Cambridge, Massachusetts.

"The Bugle," Crescent Heights High School, Calgary.

"The Pelham Pnyx," Fenwick.

"Blue and Gold," Darjeeling, India.

"Greenock High School Magazine," Greenock, Scotland.

(Continued on page 68)



CLASS C-3
FIRST ROW:—M. Smith, V. Foote, M. Forrest, H. Murphy, Mr. Stewart, J. Watt, W. Playford, J. Sheldon.

FIRST ROW:—M. Smith, V. Foote, M. Forrest, H. Murphy, Mr. Stewart, J. Watt, W. Playford, J. Sheldon, L. O'Reilly, M. Edey, A. Whitendale, A. Swick.

SECOND ROW:—N. Leaper, O. Stankovitz, W. Jennings, M. Whitaker, D. Waddison, L. Norris, M. McKittrick, D. Bennett, I. Brown, B. Scott, B. Moore, E. Palmer, E. Blackmore, L. Donnelly, C. Field.

BACK ROW:—B. Murphy, N. Earth, M. McKittrick, D. Bennett, I. Brown, B. Scott, B. Moore, E. Palmer, E. Blackmore, L. Donnelly, C. Field.



The Good Writers Club

*Canada leads the world.
England is our motherland.*

FRANK NETHERSELL

*Canada leads the world
England is our motherland*

H. KRAKUS

*Canada leads the world
England is our motherland*

MARION DISHER

*Canada leads the world
England is our motherland*

ANNE NORRIS

*Canada leads the world
England is our motherland*

Z. KAMINSKI

MUSIC AND DRAMA—Continued

Bethoven, Chopin, Brahms, (to mention only a few of the most outstanding) to say nothing of their works. Yet these are the composers of an art that is universal, whereas the authors of verse and prose that we know are purely those of English birth.

"But," I can hear someone say, "We don't like your old symphonies and classics. The New York Philharmonic sends me to sleep every Sunday afternoon." For your dislike of heavy symphonies, you can hardly blame the musicians. Your apparent dislike for them is be-

cause you have not been trained to appreciate them. Nor should everyone be required to listen to music that he does not like, just because it is a classic, anymore than he should be forced to read a book that he does not like, just because it is a classic. Judgment should be used in all things.

But where, you ask does modern popular, and semi-classical music come in? It is a very important part of our musical life. Everyone enjoys a lilting melody, whether written by Schubert, that prolific writer of songs of long ago, or written by Romberg, that equally

(Continued on page 62)

Students Specimen Dept.

FIRST FORMS

A good workman never attempts job with poor tools. Supply yourself with pen and a good quality of paper. A holder that fits the fingers will

SPECIMEN OF STUDENT'S HANDWRITING, SEPT. 5, 1935 (TYPICAL 1st FORM)
MERLE KEMP

A good workman never attempts to do a good job with poor tools. Supply yourself with a good penholder, good

SPECIMEN WRITTEN BY THE SAME STUDENT, MARCH 5, 1936

*Canada leads the world
England is our motherland*

MARION WEBB



LORNA KAUFMAN
Order of Accurate Typists
Senior Division, Gold Seal

Order of Accurate Typists

TWO years ago The Order of Accurate typists was established in our school to promote a high standard of efficiency in the typing classes.

Those who attain a speed of 60 words a minute without error for a period of 15 minutes receive the highest award and become members of the Gold Seal Group.

Our heartiest congratulations go to Lorna Kauffman, who was the only student of last year to reach this standard.



CLASS D-1

FRONT ROW:—Ruth England, Marjorie Ferguson, Betty McIsaac, Alice Baxter, Miss McColig, Joan Beatt, Jean Dryland, Vera Lindsay.
SECOND ROW:—Vimy Read, Doris Burrell, Betty Simpson, Gladys Dibben, Florence Readhouse, Jean Wright, May Weir, Ruth Bechell, Nellie Marshall, Maud Carrigan, Edna Pitt.
BACK ROW:—Audrey Bainbridge, Barbara Breckenridge, Marjorie Hodson, Florence Barson, Lillian Heywood, Yvonne Shurety, Dorothy Fox.

Boys ATHLETICS



By JACK McGuIRE

SENIOR FOOTBALL

By NEIL HILL

THE senior football team enjoyed one of its finest seasons last Autumn. When the cry for players was sounded, many outstanding players responded, and it was seen from the first practice that a strong team would represent the school.

Although not in any organized league, the big blue team was willing to play against any team in the district. In their four games played they broke even, winning two and dropping two close decisions.

On behalf of the team we should like to thank Red Dunn for his excellent coaching and advice. "Red" gave much of his time and effort and the players certainly appreciated it.

LES DUNN (Captain)—Les, a former Delta backfield star, was one of the standouts of the team. Always a cool and heady player, "Dunny" helped make the back division a sure ground gainer on almost every running play.

MICKEY McGuIRE—A member of the track team, Mickey showed his heels to would-be tacklers every time he got the ball. His fine broken-field run-

ning netted many touchdowns.

WALKER (Card) ROSS—Another former Delta star, Walk played consistently good all season. A faultless receiver, he gained many yards running back punts.

MIKE KAPITAN—Although Mike did not play in all the games owing to the fact that he played for another team, the Nationals, he starred in the games in which he participated. Mike did the booting for the team and his sturdy toe accounted for many large gains.

BULL DURHAM—"Bull" was the quarterback. His accurate forward-passing and clever ball-handling made him a star at the pivot position.

FRANK LYNCH—With Frank holding down the centre position the line was bolstered considerably. It was his first year at the position and he handled it like a veteran.

JUNIOR BASKETBALL

By MERV. DAWSON

THIS year's Junior basketball team was not as big in build as some of their opponents, but made up for their lack of size with clever ball-handling and good passing.

BOYS' ATHLETICS—Continued

At the end of the first half the team was in first place with four wins and one loss. Truty, MacKay, Brown, Hammond, Cinor and Hall did most of the work. Cherrington, Fox, Carter, Laskin and Harrington, while not possessing some of the individual cleverness of some of the other players, nevertheless played alternate roles in capable fashion.

The team should provide a nucleus for Senior material next year and promising boys are now being developed to take their places in Junior company.

The team played three exhibition games. These were:

Commerce—30; Central—6.

Commerce—28; Tech—15.

Commerce—48; Boys' Handicraft School—15.

The games played in the regular schedule and the scores are as follows:

Commerce—20; Central—12.

Commerce—15; Tech—19.

Commerce—17; Westdale—15.

Commerce—27; Cathedral—15.

Commerce—11; Delta—8.

Commerce—21; Delta—10.

Commerce—26; Tech—18.

Commerce—17; Westdale—15.

JUNIOR RUGBY

By ERNIE STRAIGHT

THIS year our Junior Rugby team was rather unfortunate in only winning one game, however, this is excusable as the large majority of the players were new to the game.

Commerce at Delta; 5-6

Both teams were fairly evenly matched and as a result a close battle ensued. Gord Brown scored our touchdown late in the first half. Following a fluke play Delta scored their touchdown, which they converted for the winning point.

Commerce at Westdale; 0-18

In the first quarter our boys looked like they were going places, but then they weakened greatly and Westdale ran up the above score. Cinor, Brown, Fox, and Stipe were among the better players on the field.

Cathedral at Commerce; 9-0

Cathedral's squad were a bit stronger in every department and therefore took

our boys by this narrow score. Cherrington, Conner, Fox and Stipe were possibly best for our team.

Central at Commerce; 0-3

This was the only game that our team was able to win. Stellar kicking by Ed. Hall and strong defensive work by Harry Connor combined with the whole-hearted co-operation of every member of the team made this win possible.

WATER POLO

OUR water-polo team enjoyed a most successful season. Reaching the semi-finals in the Junior Interscholastic Water-Polo league playdowns they were eliminated by Delta only after several minutes of overtime play. Every player is to be commended on the co-operation, fine sportsmanship and fighting spirit shown in every game.

We anticipate another, successful season next year with the added prestige of senior rating.

The players were: Goal, Williamson; defence, Stunock; wings, Laskin, McIsaac, Burtsch, Hallford, Lade, Lynch; centre, McCormick.

FLASH! FLASH!

COMMERCE teams have come through with the first championships the school has ever won.

In the 91st Highlanders' Track Meet at the Armouries on March 18 the mile relay team composed of Graham Knox, Ed. O'Connor, Mike Kapitan and Jack McGuire won the Firestone trophy. The boys were out in front all the way and received handsome statuettes for their efforts.

The blue and white junior basketball team finished the season on top of the league with nine wins and one loss. In the play-offs they provided the features of the season by defeating Westdale 103 to 42 on the round. They are one of the best Junior teams to show in Hamilton in some years. It is expected that outside teams will be brought in for further exhibition encounters. The school gets possession of the Wentworth Radio trophy for one year as a result of the efforts of the team.

*a loyal member of the
Monarch A.C.
Handsome Men, Janzen, 1950.*



BOYS' SENIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

FRONT ROW:—K. Annan, guard; G. Giacinti, forward; T. Sturrock, centre; J. Barker, guard;
J. Rizuk, guard.
BACK ROW:—J. Pajackowski, guard; J. McGuire, forward; J. Melnerney, forward; J. Field,
forward; M. Dawson, centre.



BOYS' JUNIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

FRONT ROW:—L. Harrington, guard; N. Cinor, forward; R. Fox, guard; A. Hammond, guard;
FRONT ROW:—M. Laskin, forward; G. Brown, guard.
BACK ROW:—E. Hall, guard; G. Mackay, forward; R. Cherrington, forward; J. Carter, centre;
H. Truty, centre.

INTRAMURAL ATHLETICS

By MR. DILWORTH

Mr. Dilworth
EVERY autumn we read in the newspapers that crowds of 80,000 people watch 22 men play with a little ball, pay big prices for the privilege, and think that they have received their money's worth when the game is over. American football is ballyhooed to be a great game. The attendance figures seem to constitute the goal of the school's ambition. Are we placing the emphasis on the wrong department of athletics? There are a great many people who think so. Let us see what the other side has to offer, the unpublicized department known officially as the Intramural Department, but to the school students as "The House League."

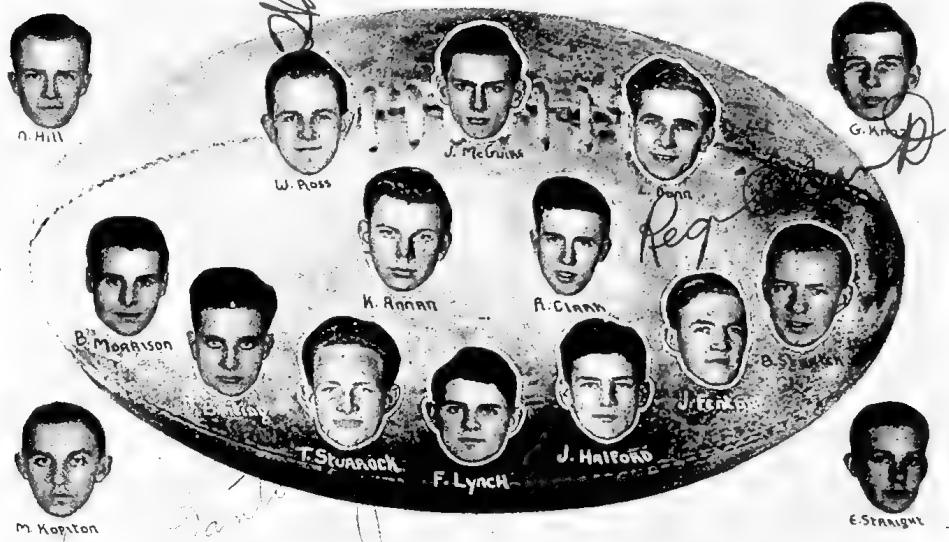
The Intramural side of athletics was stressed at our school this year because the directorate wanted to fulfill a motto which ensures the boy of rounding out a very important side of his life. The motto was "Athletics for All." Now that the year has passed we feel safe in saying that if any boy in this school has been left out of the program, it is no-

body's fault but his own. Every boy in the High School of Commerce had a chance to play on a team which was as equal, or as nearly equal as possible, to the other teams competing. The boy was ranked according to his age, weight and height in the first classification and according to ability in the second classification. The scores in many of the important games will bear out these facts. Tournaments were held in basketball, foul shooting, hockey, softball, volleyball and horseshoes. Twenty teams competed. The gymnasium was utilized to the limit. To Victor Hinnells as manager, and to no less than 175 out of our small enrolment of boys as enthusiastic participants, goes the credit for this Intramural plan. It has advantages. It worked for the same reason as the harvest bees work on the farm — everybody co-operated. If present plans materialize, next year's organization will surpass this one, and we can truthfully say that we'll be out to copy Mr. Barnum's slogan of "bigger and better than ever."



OUR BOYS' ATHLETIC MANAGERS

Frank Lynch, Cecil Oliver, Victor Hinnells.



BOYS' SENIOR RUGBY TEAM

George Low *Jim Buchanan*



BOYS' JUNIOR RUGBY TEAM

Joseph Marshall Jr.
" " "

BOYS' ATHLETICS—Continued
TRACK NOTES

GRAHAM KNOX, who is an enthusiastic coach, and supporter of running at Commerce, has had a great deal of success in this line of sport, and herein we hope to draw some well-deserved attention to his efforts.

Last March 8th (1935), Graham ran at Montreal in the indoor meet and was successful in capturing second place in the 50 yds. sprint for boys 18 and under. His next entry was in the Hamilton indoor meet at the ormouries, he placed second in the 60 yds. 18 and under, and third in the 300 yds. of the same class, in addition to this he stepped up to open competition and placed second as well as running in the half-mile relay. In May, Graham was sent to Montreal by the school but had the misfortune to become ill after qualifying for the final, and therefore was not able to give his best.

At the local district meet Graham scored by capturing two second places namely in the 100 and 220. In the summer he kept in competition by running for the H.O.C. in the various meets about the country. The next "under twenty" race he was entered in was at the C.N.E. and he took first place in the 100, and also ran anchor on the winning 440 and 880 yd. relays.

In the annual School field day, Graham showed his ability by taking five first, winning every race he entered.

SENIOR BASKETBALL
 By "CEC." OLIVER

THIS year's senior team had the misfortune to run into a string of losses which put it out of a play-off position early in the race. In two games we were definitely outclassed by our opponents but in several others it was only a shot or two in the closing minutes which deprived us of victory. Admittedly not having the ability that some of our opponents possessed, we were forced to utilize team-play and cautious tactics in every game. That the boys realized this and forgot themselves as individuals in a sincere effort to play the game in the manner which would help the team most is a credit to them. Such a spirit cannot help but produce winning teams in years to come. Babe Giacinti was our big scoring threat. Defensively we were fairly strong with Jack Barker, Ken Annan and Joe Pajackowski playing good ball.

Scores of games are as follows:

Central 33; Commerce 8
 Westdale 21; Commerce 18
 Cathedral 25; Commerce 19
 Delta 23; Commerce 9
 Delta 21; Commerce 19.

This year we played two games with Lackawanna. The first game, in Lackawanna, was a really fast and exciting game to watch. It was won by our opponents by the close score of 34-30. The other game played in our own home gym. was won by Lackawanna 34-16.



WATER POLO TEAM
 LEFT TO RIGHT: Hugh Burtch, Lloyd Lade, Morris Laskin, James McIssac, Ray McCormick,
 Ed. Glenn, Stan. Keitch, Jack Hallford.

*President of the Hough. C.C.
 Stan. Keitch*

Monarch A. C. Amateurs, Wrestling
Champion - *Jack Duggan*

Nineteen and Thirty-six

THE ARGOSY

Page 61



FRONT:—FIELD DAY CHAMPIONS

J. McGuire (senior), C. Durham (intermediate), E. Osier (junior).
STANDING:—ONE-MILE RELAY TEAM WHICH WON THE FIRESTONE TROPHY
G. Knox, E. O'Connor, M. Kapitan, J. McGuire.

FIELD DAY

OCTOBER the eleventh was the final day of reckoning so far as those who were seeking laurels in the track and field division of sports at Commerce were concerned. The afternoon was well nigh perfect and much excitement was in the air. Preliminary trials had been held at the school for about a week previous and the class of the various divisions were ready to step into it and show their wares without a great deal of delay and fuss due to numerous heats.

The highlights of the afternoon were Graham Knox's five straight wins in the

senior division and Cliff Durham's broad-jump of 19 ft. in the intermediate class.

McGuire's 32 points gave him the senior title, fortunately nosing out Knox who only entered in five events for 25 points. Cliff Durham proved the class of the intermediates by gathering 25 points. Ted Osier proved tops in the junior division netting 21 points to carry away the junior crown.

An added attraction of the afternoon was the clowning by Messrs. Gillen and Morgan, who claimed a place in the list of events because of their strong "athletes' feet."

OUR LIBRARY

By MARY CARRIGAN

NOT many centuries ago a library of books was said to be worth a king's ransom. Although it would now take a great many libraries to ransom a king, they have still retained an inestimable value for students and adults everywhere, and the library of the Central High School of Commerce has proven itself to be a remarkable aid to students of every form.

Can you remember three years back, when our library was still an unfulfilled desire? Each class was allotted the task of raising the sum of ten dollars for this purpose. How eager and enthusiastic we were then, when part of the student's locker money was donated for this great cause and concerts and candy sales were in full swing. Our enthusiasm has increased as the years have gone by, and a glimpse into our library will more than justify the reason for this.

Here we find fiction of every type, detective stories, romantic tales, and all the standard classics. Travel books of every description can be found such as "Cannibal Quest," "In Search of Ireland," "Vagabonding down the Andes," and on practically every other country of interest. Books on Household Science, Nature Study, and Gymnastics are all on our shelves, along with "The Canada Year Book," "Encyclopaedia Britannica,"

"Wonder Book of Knowledge." The "Saturday Night," "Current History," "Nature Magazine," are there; and also that little magazine, which has never failed to offer inspirations to Oral Composition-seekers — "The Reader's Digest." Even books of shorthand, such as "Readings from Popular Authors," can all be found in our small but efficient library. But why not come and see for yourself the rows of valuable information that is all ready and waiting for you to make use of?

Reading is said to be one of the basic skills upon which depends the acquisition of knowledge. The truth of this can not be doubted, for if we do not read we cannot expect to keep up to date with the world. How learned it makes us feel to hear someone in authority discussing a book or a play that we have read, or talking of some notable person whose biography we have just reviewed. If you have ever envied anyone who is a good conversationalist, come along to the room on the main floor, and soon people will be envying you, for there is nothing quite like reading to extend the thought process and enable you to acquire culture, as Bacon has said —

"Reading maketh a full man, and if a man read little, he had need have much cunning to seem to know that he doth not."

MUSIC AND DRAMA—Continued
prolific modern writer of songs. These are the songs on everybody's minds, and it is in the improvement of the type of songs written that a good musical appreciation will help in the coming years.

What can we as students do to aid in the appreciation of music? It is our privilege to live in an age in which the opportunity to hear music is greater than it has ever been before. Almost any day of the week, and especially over the week-ends, we are enabled, by

modern science, to hear the finest music, played by the finest musical organizations in the world.

Let us make the best of our opportunities. Then, as stated by Sigmund Spaeth, "Eventually you will find that the horizon of music keeps moving away indefinitely, so that you can go on forever finding new beauties and fresh points of interest. The inner satisfaction thus found in the pursuit of music is something no one can ever take away from you. Just try it and see."

From a Diary Note of Aug. 1918

CONTINUED

years who invited me to come down the ravine to his cottage for lunch. I explained I would be able to accept his kind invitation when assistance arrived. About 20 minutes later, my good friend returned with the glad tidings that a meal was being prepared. He appeared elated that the invitation had been accepted; but indeed no less elated than myself, to have the opportunity to enjoy his kindly Irish hospitality.

About 4 p.m. a truck from the aerodrome arrived and while repairs were being made, I accompanied my kindly host, through a gate in the wall and along a footpath down the side of the ravine. When we reached the bottom, he led the way into a humble, thatched, stone cottage. Inside a peat fire was burning brightly on the open hearth. My host introduced me to the members of his family and I was soon enjoying a hearty meal of freshly baked buns, butter, milk and eggs.

During the brief forty minutes in the home much was said. The members of the family in turn asked eagerly many questions about Canada, the Land of Promise beyond the sea. They asked about relatives who, many years before, had crossed the ocean to Canada and the United States. Unfortunately I had not met any of them.

While the conversation was proceeding, I glanced several times at a framed picture on the wall opposite the table. It consisted of about a dozen insets of head and shoulders with a larger one in the centre of the group. One of the smaller insets, I recognized at once as that of Mr. De Valera. At the bottom of the group were the words, "Sinn Fein Shadow Cabinet."

I realized at once that while performing my duty toward the British government, I was enjoying the friendship and warm-hearted hospitality of those in this humble cottage who were considered as rebels to the Crown.

But this was not all. My kindly host

noticing that I was interested in the picture, explained that this was the Sinn Fein Shadow Cabinet. Then, proudly pointing to the large inset in the centre of the group he said, "That is my son." Shades of Fitz Jame and Roderick Dhu.

After complimenting him on having such a son, the old gentleman, in the few remaining moments, briefly sketched for me the leading events of that son's career. As I left the table I could not help but feel a very deep admiration for this Irish patriot, who rose from this humble cottage to become the leader of the State.

The meal over, I bade the household farewell and with many kindly wishes for safety ringing in my ears, we ascended the steep side of the ravine to the field above.

We found that, in the meantime, repairs had been made to the machine and an interested group was waiting for us to make off. Bidding farewell to the kind old gentleman, we climbed into the machine and started up. When satisfied that the engine was again in order, we taxied to the opposite end of the short field, and awaiting a favourable gust of wind, opened up. The run-way was short enough to cause a little anxiety. Our eyes were fixed on the rapidly approaching wall as the machine bumping over the rough field, gathered speed. Could we make it? A final bump, a few rods from the wall put us into the air high enough to clear by a few feet and we were over the ravine. We straightened out, then turned and passed over the field a couple of times. As we headed for camp, my friend recognized the old gentleman waving a last farewell.

In a quarter of an hour, we landed at the aerodrome and taxied to the hangar.

That day there was no Bantry Bay Patrol. That night this was one of the "Tales that were told," around the mess table.

A GOOD IMITATION

By ELINOR LINDSAY

HE couldn't have got far," stated Inspector Grant, drumming his fingers on the desk. "We had every highway and road covered within fifteen minutes after his escape."

Police headquarters was a scene of utmost confusion: the brains of the force were gathered together to try and solve one of the biggest cases a police squad ever faced. Inspector Grant, rated the cleverest detective in existence admitted he was puzzled. Every clue had been followed to its source but no headway had been made.

It was now one week since "Spud Famon," notorious gangster had shot two policemen and had made his getaway with the famous Harrington jewels. The people wouldn't stand for such brazen crime and looked to the police for an arrest. None had been made, in fact not a trace could be found of "Spud" and his henchmen. They had completely disappeared!

Grant was worried, he had never failed to crack a case yet, and this was pushing hard on his vanity. "I have an important clue that I believe will lead to something," he said, and Grant's right-

GENIUS REWARDED—Continued

The building spoken of consisted of two stories and an attic. The men having inspected the first and second floors, slowly ascended the steps to the attic, but the sight they beheld halted their march.

"Say, Bill, what's this?"

"A b-b-body, I guess. And say, what a host of mice! Why we could almost start a zoo!"

The men began to explore every nook and corner of the room. Suddenly Bill yelled excitedly, "Jim, come here quickly. Look at this! A poem dedicated to King George V. And what a poem! This is a story for Hill, the reporter. Inside of forty-eight hours this poem will be read all over the British Empire. I can just see those headlines now—

hand men knew something was forming in that brilliant mind. "But," he went on, "We will discuss it the first thing in the morning," and he dismissed all those in the room. Locking the door, he left the quarters.

It was midnight, and the moon shone full upon Inspector Grant's desk, illuminating the whole room and bringing to light a shadowy figure creeping across the floor. A flashlight went on and two hands explored carefully the various drawers in the desk. Suddenly a sound caught the strained ears of the prowler and he spun around but he was too late.

The lights flashed on and Inspector Grant and his men stood in the doorway with levelled pistols. To the men in the doorway, the figure was Detective Cardona, but to the sharp eyes of Grant the sneering face was that of "Spud Famon."

"No wonder we couldn't trace you," said Grant, "No wonder you disappeared like so much air." His voice became louder. "You disappeared right in our midst, after killing Cardona. It was a good imitation, Spud," went on Grant, "but not quite good enough. I've worked with Cardona for three years and he never wore his ring on his third finger!"

'Great Poem Written by Poverty-Stricken Man of London Slums'—'Two Inspectors Find Body in Slums Ruin'—This'll be the first time my name has ever reached the society column. Won't my wife be proud? Oh! Oh! Oh!"

* * * *

Bill's predictions proved true. The poem "A King Forever" was published and duly acclaimed by the public. Martini's genius was rewarded. His life after all had not been wasted.

The Royal Literary Society of London took charge of his funeral and thousands flocked to pay homage to his bier.

If Martini's soul looked down from heaven upon that earthly funeral — and I like to think it did — he would have witnessed the peak of his highest ambitions and smiled upon the world with happiness.



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WOMEN'S PLACE IN BUSINESS

By ALICE DAY

"Being a girl is a great adventure
Being a girl is a wonderful thing
Something like being a great explorer
Something like being a king."

BEING a girl is a great adventure! Perhaps more so from the stand-point of business than in our grandmother's time. In her time a woman's place was thought to be in the home and business postions were reserved for men. Now the doors are wide open for women in almost any profession and the choice is almost as wide as the horizon: there is no longer any sex bar in the business world.

Women have definite contributions to make to business. It might be said that they bring a "humanizing" element due to long years of handling numerous details at the same time. They are especially competent for positions which require doing a dozen things at once, as is often the case in an office. There is also a certain spiritual quality in womanhood which lifts the materialism of business to a higher level.

Since this is a business school, let us see what opportunities are open for us. All of us, on leaving the school, will be fitted to take our place in the business world as stenographers, or in due course, private secretaries. Let us first consider the stenographer. In general her duties are concerned with typing, taking dictation and transcribing it, and various kinds of office routine work done under the direction of an executive. A bright, ambitious girl in such a position should, within a few years, become so valuable to her employer that her salary will be appreciably increased and her work will

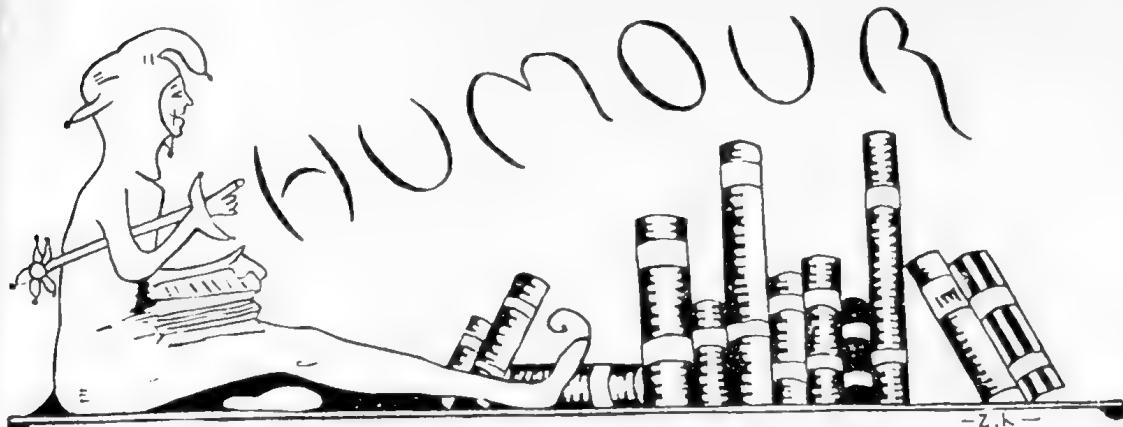
take on many aspects of the private secretary. She will not only study the business and her employer's needs but also broaden her education in every possible way.

The private secretary's work is largely executive. She must often stand proxy for her employer. Therefore, she must have the ability not only to carry out orders but also to initiate them. Her value consists in her ability to lighten her employer's duties, to act as buffer between him and outside annoyances, to facilitate the routine of his office, to suggest constructive measures for increasing his efficiency — in a word, to make his life easier and to increase his leisure.

In addition to these positions, girls may go into organization work of various kinds, educational, social, scientific, professional, literary and religious. Expertness in stenography may lead to court or legislative reporting. All of these positions offer opportunities for service that are constantly extending with a consequent increase of interest on the part of the worker.

Besides the education necessary to obtain these positions, success depends upon personality and other traits; neatness in appearance and in work, tact, good address, courtesy, punctuality, interest, method, accuracy, unselfishness, respect for an employer's confidences, and intelligence in carrying out instructions.

So we see to-day that women have proved that they are capable of holding business positions and that the old saying, "a woman's place is in the home," is no longer true.



FIRST FORM

George Mc.—Did you see Laskin burn up the track at the school field day?

Jack B.—I didn't get a chance to see him run, but I saw the cinders.

* * * *

What we need, said a composer, is an old-time melody with a modern appeal.

Bob H.—What about "Wink to me only with thine eyes?"

* * * *

Waiter (bringing order after a long lapse of time)—Are you the boiled cod, sir?

Mr. Pugh—No, just a lonely sole, with an empty plaice, and I want to fillet.

* * * *

New invention—a mouth-organ with bristles. You can play it, and brush your teeth at the same time.

* * * *

Mr. Donaldson—How did the cliff dwellers keep warm in winter?

Eunice W.—They used the mountain ranges, of course.

* * * *

Betty W.—What are you looking so disappointed for?

Katie W.—I came out to see the flying field and it stays perfectly still.

* * * *

Viola B.—Fashions may come and go, but there's always a demand for cosmetics.

Dorothy A.—Yes, women can't go wan forever.

By ELIZABETH McMILLAN

Organ Recital — Everybody talking about their operations.

* * * *

He—So your sister told you I was a musician.

Kid Brother—Well she said you blew your own horn a lot.

* * * *

Bettie D.—All the prizes at the swimming gala were carried off by one man.

Freida C.—What did he get?

Bettie D.—I think it was six months.

* * * *

"If you print any more jokes about Scotsmen, I shall cease borrowing your magazine," Mr. Macdonald was heard to say.

* * * *

On my last hunting trip I bagged two elephants," said Mr. Montgomery. "How thrilling," exclaimed Gayle. "Did you have much trouble getting them into the bags?"

* * * *

Interesting teacher—lots of class, but no principle.

* * * *

Mr. Holmes—How long did you spend on your homework last night?

Mildred D.—One hour, railroad time.

Mr. Holmes—Railroad time?

Mildred—Yes, stops included.

* * * *

Mary F.—Why are you running that roller over the field?

Modern Farmer—I'm trying to raise mashed potatoes.

"The Log," Tasmania, Australia.
 "The Plumtree School Magazine," South Africa.
 "Aliwal North High School Magazine," South Africa.
 "The Tech Flash," Halifax.
 "The Purple and Gold," Princeton.
 "Tech Tatler," Danforth Tech, Danforth.
 "Kelvin," Winnipeg.
 "Glebano," Ottawa.
 "The Mitre," Lennoxville, Quebec.
 "The Twig," Toronto University Schools.
 "The Oracle," London.
 "The Review," London.
 "The Echoes," Peterborough.
 "The Scarboro Bluff," Scarboro Collegiate, Toronto.
 "Acta Collegii," Chatham.
 "Eastern Echo," Eastern High School of Commerce.
 "The Tickler," Grimsby.
 the remark was "Trying." Her parents
 Mr. Greenwood — George Washington
 went down in history.

Mary Walker was trying to freeze out
 the young man who wanted to marry
 her.

—o—

EXCHANGE HUHOUR

Q.—What is it that elephants have and
 other animals don't have?
 A.—Little elephants.

—“Times,” Kingston.

* * * *

When Noah sailed the ocean blue
 He had troubles same as you,
 He drove and drove and drove his Ark
 Until he found a place to park.
 —“Oakwood Oracle,” Toronto.

* * * *

Q.—What animal hunts in packs?
 A.—A customs officer.

—“The Bugle,” Calgary.

* * * *

Teacher—Did you take a shower?

Pupil—No sir, are there any missing?

—“Tech Tatler,” Danforth.

* * * *

Mr. Armstrong—“I'm tempted to give
 you a test this afternoon.

Chorus (from class)—Yield not to
 temptation.

—“Vox Lycei,” Central Collegiate
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 teddy bear)—Well little girl, what do
 you call your teddy bear?

Small Girl—His name is Gladly, same
 as the one in the hymn.

Visitor—What on earth are you talking
 about? What hymn?

Small Girl—Gladly my cross-eyed bear.

—“The Pelham Pnyx,” Fenwick.

* * * *

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C.C.M.

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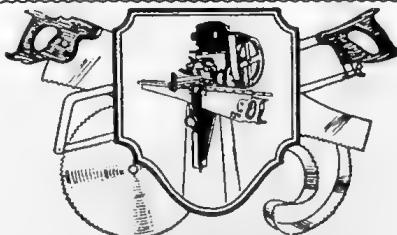
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BOOK REVIEWS—Continued.

JOHN O' THE GREEN

Jeffery Farnol

Reviewed by AL. SMITH

THIS, Mr. Farnol's latest novel is, in the opinion of the reviewer, one of the best that this popular author has yet produced.

Although the time of the story is early medieval, it is singularly free from troublesome historical dates and details. Many authors bore the reader by putting into their novels too much "history" and too little "story;" not so Mr. Farnol. Although the atmosphere of the story is very real, and all the details are correct, yet the place-names are fictitious, and no definite date or time is mentioned.

John, the chief character of the story, is of a type which the author is fond of portraying — a real man, and a brave fighter, but very ignorant of the ways of women.

As the story opens, we see John held as the captive of King Tristan of Gerance. John and nine of his men are sentenced to be hanged as outlaws. Although the son of an earl, John had been driven to outlawry, because in his absence, his lands had been seized by one Fulk Fitz Urse, who is really the "villain of the piece."

The outlaws are not hanged; they are kept in captivity to be given their freedom on condition that John capture single-handed and bring to King Tristan, a young and beautiful duchess, the indomitable defender of a neighbouring duchy which the king wishes to annex.

The hero arrives at Pentavalon, the chief city of the duchy, to find that the place is full of traitors in the pay of Fulk, who covets both the duchess and her lands.

How John circumvents and defeats Fulk, and finally kills him in a hand-to-hand encounter, forms the subject of many thrilling chapters. During this time, John and the duchess find that they are growing steadily more attached to one another, although neither is fully aware of it for some time.

John thus finds himself between the devil and the deep — he must either be-

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tray the woman he loves to King Tristan, or forfeit the lives of his nine followers. The solution of this dilemma forms the happy ending of the story.

— O —
HAWAII HO!

In her letters, she expressed a great liking for Hawaii. She did not wish to come to Canada, but wished I could come to Hawaii. Queer? I myself, had really wished to visit Hawaii, but when she started bragging about her country, I naturally let go with a store of adjectives about Canada which really impressed her, mentioning our beautiful mountain background in the south, snow clad in winter and bedecked with green in summer; the lake in the north frequented by many for swimming in the summer, and ice-skating in winter.

In Hawaii they never have any snow except on the peaks of the highest mountains. The one she mentions is Moana Kea, the highest mountain in the Islands. The chief sport in Hawaii is swimming, especially in Honolulu, in the island of Oahu.

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* * * *

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* * * *

Second Ditto—Can't you read? It says
'tear along this line.'
* * * *

EVER HEARD OF THESE PEOPLE?

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Maggie Zene.
Mary Christmas.
Mike Rophone.
Violet Ray.
Ben E. Diction.
Chris. Anthemum.
Dick Tionary.
Ed Ucation.
Mr. and Mrs. Otto B. De Ported.
Miss de Meanour.
Miss Lee Ding.
* * * *

Mr. Elliott—Why don't you answer me, Miss Francis?

Ruth—I did, I shook my head.

Mr. Elliott—Well do you expect me to hear it rattle up here?
* * * *

Mr. McDonald—Late again, eh, Miss Theobald?

Olive—Yes, but it's the fault of that sign outside. It said "School, go Slow!"
* * * *

Collective noun—A vacuum cleaner.

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L IMBERING
E XERCISE
R EASSURES
S TRENGTH
K EENESS
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Mrs. Pothier—And when the prodigal son returned, what happened?

Betty—His father ran to meet him, and hurt himself.

Mrs. Pothier — Why, Miss Gilbart, where did you get that?

Betty—The Bible says his father ran to meet him and fell on his neck.

“Are you laughing at me?” Mr. Holmes demanded sternly of his class.

“Oh, no sir, came the reply in chorus.”

“Then,” demanded Mr. H. even more grimly, “what else is there in the room to laugh at?”

* * * * *
SECOND FORM

At the end of an examination, Mr. Greenwood collected all the papers. Among them he discovered one sheet which, instead of being covered with historical names and dates, bore merely a crude drawing of a tombstone on which was written

“Sacred to the memory which always deserts me on occasions like this.”
signed, John Shaw.

* * * * *

In Kay McAuley's first school report the remark was “Trying.” Her parents were delighted. The second report said “Still Trying.” Her proud parent's hopes were dashed, however, when the third report said, “Still Very Trying.”

Jack Pett

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HERE'S TO THE FUTURE

By DOROTHY KANNAWIN

THE FUTURE—to the young people of to-day it does not look very promising. In more prosperous days we used to hear, "Youth must be served"—From time's beginning, this truism has bound each older generation to its solemn charge, for in youth always has lain the hope of the future. Always theirs has been the burden of carrying on, and so, too, it is to-day. Yet what is being done to help them—these boys and girls numbering twenty-one million who, miscast and unemployed, are unwanted in the distressed and shaken world.

What will happen if so many of these boys and girls spend another year wiping windshields and delivering tooth-paste, or spending long bright days on tennis courts instead of at work?

There is no burning belief that life can or should be changed. There is no deep-seated hopelessness and little despair. There is no notion that they are the ones who should shoulder the social and economic burdens of their time. In effect, they spread their hands, shrug their shoulders and say, "Kismet."

Whether they will be merely a lost generation, or whether some leader will sound a bugle note that will rally them to his standard, remains to be seen.

Our country has an abundance of natural resources and, given time, with patience and faith will survive. Faith, you say—you cannot eat it, nor heat the cook stove with it but just the same it is a great help in time of trouble. While watching the crumbling of the confidence in the future that has been the solid wall on which has rested the nation's existence, have faith. Not thinking of the faith that says God is good and we shall get our reward in heaven, but of the kind that counts on to-morrow's return for to-day's endeavour.

On that basis we can go forward, surely, confidently. No one objects to co-operation. No one denies the gladdening beneficial effects of widespread prosperity. Faith pushed steel rails across forbidding plains and mountains, and picked out pathways through uncertain skys. Faith built the factories and mills that have scattered well-being across the land. Given half a chance it will, with youth, be off on a new adventure. I quote the words of His Majesty King Edward: "May the future bring peace and understanding throughout the world, prosperity and happiness to British people, and may we be worthy of the heritage which is ours."

Howard Williams

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THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH

—Continued

The imports are made up largely of raw materials. Raw cotton, food products, iron and steel, machinery, wool, kerosene, wood and wood products are her chief imports. Raw silk, textiles, tea, and pottery are her chief exports.

"Death is lighter than a feather, but duty is heavier than a mountain," runs an ancient Japanese proverb. And be it remembered that Japan regards it as a national duty to attain and maintain trade supremacy. Nine-tenths of Japan's trade is controlled by five great families. One of these, the Mitsui, has its trade mark stamped on the bales and boxes of one-quarter of Japan's exports and imports. This one family possesses a merchant fleet of vessels as big as that of France. So we see that capitalism does not only exist in the Western hemisphere. But the business is for the glory of Japan and not for the man. Thus, we find powerful business men lending money to the government instead of having it borrowed from abroad. These internal loans are made mostly because of the great sums of money being spent in building up the navy and army of Japan. Japan's merchant marine consists of 3,350 registered steam and motor ships, and 15,497 sailing ships. In 1931, the year of bad trade, 15 per cent. of the British vessels were tied up; 22 per cent. of those of the United States; but only 8 per cent. of those of Japan.

Great changes in the railways and steamships have revolutionized the old

methods of Japanese transportation, and a merchant marine has been developed that ranks third among the nations of the world. Equally great changes are carrying Japanese products into all parts of the world. Regular steamship routes have been established and the country has become one of the world's great commercial carriers. Yokohama, Osaka, Kobe, and Nagasaki have high standing among the world's great ports. Two of the most evident causes of this progress have been the energy and the intelligence of the people and the aid of the government to industry.

Thus, we find Japan, with a great population on a small area of land, spending vast sums of money for the building up of a powerful army and navy, stepping in quite calmly to take possession of a piece of land belonging to another country, and all the while casting her eyes in other directions of the Pacific; to the south lie the Philippines, and still farther south, Australia. Her people are spreading farther into China and pushing in such a direction as to come in contact with Siberia with whom she has been on unfriendly terms for some time. So conditions certainly are not promising. Japan is anxious to secure territory suitable for colonization in order to relieve the congestion of the homeland, and her eyes are ever turned to other favourable spots.

Excluded from the American continent and also from Australia, Japan has at least established a frontier for the yellow races which will stand in face of any possible challenge.

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Miss Katy Young, B4's well known Scotchman, has left on a cruise of the belt line. Many society girls are taking advantage of the low rate of five cents, for this most interesting cruise. Miss Young did not state whether she would take advantage of transfers, but her closest friends expected she would.

Teacher — George Washington went down in history.

Bunty W.—Gosh! So did I. I only got 48.

E. Lindsay—Do you know Red Sails in the Sunset.

D. Powers—No. What time is he leaving?

Shopwalker—I noticed that your last customer did not buy anything Miss Pickard, but he seemed very pleased. What did he want to see?

Marjorie—Me, at eight o'clock.

Question: What kind of glue is igloo?

It is said of a new recruit that he must have attended Commerce before he joined, because every time he was ordered to "Stand at ease" he tried to put his rifle behind his ear.

Fox—I saw Lloyd flung over the handle-bars of his bike yesterday.

Moore—Did it knock him speechless?

Fox—No, but it knocked his bike spokeless.

Halford (now travelling salesman) sent his girl friend a cheque for a million kisses as a birthday present. Her thanks were expressed in the following letter:

Dear Jack:

I can't begin to express my thanks for the cheque you sent me. The milkman cashed it this morning.

Western teeth—wide open spaces.

E. McMullen—You cur! You cur!

Simpson—What?

E. McMullen—You cur!

Simpson—Eucher nothing! Let's play bridge.

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"I don't want you to treat my friend Jones so coldly as you do," said Mr. Hodson, to his daughter. "He may not have much style, but he's a diamond in the rough."

"I know he's a diamond in the rough," replied Rita. "That's the reason I'm cutting him."

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The old lady was in a very bad temper. She walked into the Taxidermist's shop and slammed a box containing a stuffed parrot on the counter.

"I hope there's nothing wrong," ventured Ed Gillen (now a sales clerk). "There is," snapped the old lady. "All the feathers are coming out of this bird, and you stuffed him only six weeks ago."

"Madam," replied Ed, "it is but the triumph of art. We stuff 'em so natural that they moult at this time of the year."

* * * *

Everything comes to him—who orders hash!

* * * *

Dr. Wingfield had been talking about physical force, and said: "Now, boys, can any of you tell me what force it is that moves people along the street?"

Loud voice from the back—"Police force."

* * * *

The policeman who never got vaccinated—He knew he couldn't catch anything.

* * * *

Doris H.—How did you like that joke I told you?

Reta Mc.—Oh, it was splendid, I always liked it.

* * * *

"And, waiter," added Mildred K. "have my chops lean."

Waiter—Certainly. Which way?

* * * *

Social Tact: Making an unwelcome guest feel at home, when you wish he was.

* * * *

THIRD FORM

Headlines in Paper: "Man drinks shellac—beautiful finish."

* * * *

Jack J.—What's the difference between sight and vision?

Ernest S.—A mighty lot. My girl is a vision, but yours is a sight.

* * * *

Dorothy B.—The man I marry must be square, upright, grand, and—.

Alma P.—You don't want a man! You want a piano.

* * * *

Miss Harley—Name a few things containing starch.

Marjorie—Collars and cuffs.

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Waitress—I have stewed kidneys, boiled tongue, fried liver, pig's feet, and—

Cherrington—Don't tell me your troubles, sister. I'm neither physician or surgeon. Give me a cup of coffee and make it snappy.

* * *

It was Ivy S. first attempt at cooking, and when the boy friend came in he saw a very long pie on the table.

"Whatever is that?" he inquired.

"Rhubarb pie," said Ivy. "You see, I couldn't get rhubarb any shorter."

* * *

Employer to typist—Are you doing anything on Sunday evening, Miss Krakus?

Miss Krakus (hopefully)—Why, no I'm not.

Employer—Then will you please make an effort to get here early on Monday morning?

* * *

What some teachers need to do, is to sit down for a few minutes and let their thoughts catch up with their vocabulary.

* * *

Mae W. (to butcher)—That steak you sold me yesterday, did you say it was imported or deported from the colonies?

* * *

Disher—Look here, waitress, there's not a particle of chicken in this chicken soup.

Waitress—What of it? We have cabinet pudding, but you don't expect to find the Prime Minister in it, do you?

* * *

Simile: As bare as the streets of Aberdeen on a tag-day.

* * *

M. Dechamps—Do you know E. McMillan?

M. Marshall—Why, yes. She's the girl that sleeps across from me in Economic periods.

* * *

Mildred M.—I've seen my brother standing before a glass for hours.

Rose Z.—Admiring himself?

Mildred—No waiting for somebody to fill it.

* * *

Winnie A.—What do you think of the moustache Bill's growing?

Olive S.—Oh! it tickles me immensely.

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FOURTH AND SPECIALS

Dr. Wingfield—When do leaves begin to turn?

Vera L.—The day before examinations.

* * *

Vimy R.—Is that watch of yours going?

Lingering boy friend—Why, yes it is.
Vimy—When?

* * *

Graham—Why do you call me "Pilgrim?"

Nancy—Because every time you call you make a little progress.

* * *

"Among the prettiest girls present, was V. Williams," wrote the social reporter in her account of the latest tea-dance. After reading the report, the editor angrily demanded to know what the big idea was.

"Well," remarked the reporter, "that's where he was!"

* * *

L. Dunn—Last night I was supposed to call for my girl at 7 but I didn't get there till 8.

F. Lynch—What happened when you got there?

Les—She fainted.

Frank—Fainted?

Les—Yes, with the right, and socked me on the eye with the left.

* * *

Desperado—Halt, if you move you're dead.

Miss Duffy—My dear man you should be more careful of your English. If I should move, it would be a positive sign that I were alive.

* * *

Dorothy Fox—My face is my fortune.

Carter—Then your practically on relief.

* * *

Miss Dodds—Jean, give me a sentence using the word "coincide."

Miss Dryland—When you walk up-town, you see signs on store windows which say Coincide for the big bargains.

* * *

Question: Has boycotting got anything to do with leap year?

* * *

Mr. Stewart—Is it true that a dog fills a vacant space in a person's life?

Mary W.—Sure, if it's a hot dog.

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